The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent.

HORATIO SEYMOUR'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

WHETHER candid and manly, or disguised and cowardly; whether honest and truthful, intentionally describing things exactly as they are, or sinuous, disguised, hollow, deceptive, and craftily designed to pervert the truth for a purpose, and to describe things as they are not, the utterances of a candidate for the presidency, supported by a party whose immense power with the country it is dangerous as well as foolish to underestimate, can hardly be too closely scrutinized or too fully discussed.

What such a man may say or may not say, and the manner of his saying or not saying, can very well be made to assist us in rightly comprehending the character of the man and his purposes, and the probable influence he will exert upon the country if elected to the presidency. Hence, next to Gen. Grant, no man has better claims to our attention than Horatio Seymour. His latest utterance is every way characteristic: smooth as oil and as fair-seeming as hypocrisy itself, containing every disposition to deceive, but without the ability. When one or two important words are understood, the most cunningly written letter in cipher is made plain. So we have only to read Mr. Seymour's letter of acceptance, consisting of vague generalities, side by side with the history of the country during the late civil war and since, to understand its most occult and difficult parts. In the first reading it slips through the mind like a fresh-caught eel through the hand; you must grapple with him again, if you would not lose your hook and line. The contrast between his letter and that of Gen. Grant is in every respect striking. In consulting them, it is plain to see which is the honest patriot, relying upon the simple truth, and which the demagogue, relying upon dexterity and cunning. The one is just as evident as the other. Grant has few words, and a simple and obvious meaning. Seymour has many words, and so arranged as to cover a most malign purpose under an attractive dress. He fails; but only because no skill can conceal the political monstrosities which underlie the organization of which he is the candidate. He is the candidate of the old slavery party—a party of which it was the glory or the shame to have done its worst, during all the late war, to cripple the Government and encourage the rebels; which never wearied in its efforts to bring about such a conclusion of the war as would leave slavery, the cause of the war, intact. In order to understand the vague generalities of this letter, it need not be remembered that its author virtually, while governor of our state, was the recognized friend of men engaged in one of the bloodiest riots on record. It need not be remembered that that riot was created to assist the rebels in their efforts to divide the Union and overthrow the Government in all the Southern States. It need not be remembered that Mr. Seymour omitted no opportunity to resist the vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union, when he could do so under some technicality or pretext, and escape the consequences of open treason. It need not be remembered that, while sword and pestilence were thinning the loyal ranks, and the country was calling for more men, Mr. Seymour, while resisting the draft by bloody riots, was equally opposing the voluntary enlistment of colored men. We need not remember any of this. The letter—notwithstanding its smoothness, vagueness, and duplicity—is quite intelligible as to what manner of man he is who now asks us to make him the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

I have denounced this letter as cunning and cowardly. The writer, when endeavoring to deal the most deadly blows, hides himself behind others. He does not honestly tell us upon his own authority what he thinks and feels; but craftily speaks in the name of third parties—tells us what "they" think and say. He shields himself behind "*intelligent men*," "*thoughtful men*," "*the best men*," "*every thinking man*," "*many Republicans*," "*the ablest leaders*"—tells us what they feel, think, and say. One would think these able men, thinking men, these leaders of the Republican party, might be allowed to do their own speaking and writing. When the country desires to know the views of these eminent persons, it knows how to get them. The occasion did not call for a statement of their views, but those of Horatio Seymour; but this is Horatio's "style," and characteristic of the man, and a part of the President of the United States, *when* we make him such. Has the country not had enough of this sort? Does anybody want a revised and corrected edition of Andrew Johnson in the presidential chair for the next four years?

Complaint is adroitly made in this letter that "Congress has allied itself to military power," as if it were a crime. When was any government not allied to such power—especially when, as in the case of our own, its authority is resisted by large communities of men recently in open rebellion? Why should not the law-making power of the nation be allied to military power? What would any government be worth unallied to sufficient military power to makes its laws respected? What better would a Democratic Congress do? Would such a Congress refuse to employ military power to protect persons and property from murder and destruction? Or would it yield to all the demands of the defeated rebels? What would it do? Suppose the freedmen of the South were banded in associations for the purpose of resisting the laws of a Democratic Congress, and by a system of terror, of secret assassination, were keeping whole states in a condition of anarchy—would such a Congress refuse to avail itself of military power to secure order and tranquillity? Of course, it would not; and Horatio Seymour would be among the first to recommend such alliance of military power with the law-making power, and its vigorous employment to suppress violence. But it happens that not the freedmen nor the loyal white men of the South are engaged in lawless violence; but the former slavemasters, the ancient slave-power, the Southern aristocracy, the Southern democracy, are obstructing the laws and interfering with the freedom of the ballot-box, destroying the peace and good order of society—and this makes all the difference. They are a privileged class. They have always been a law unto themselves, and have been accustomed to larup the negroes to their hearts' content. This is why Mr. Seymour's righteous soul is grieved to see the military power of the country called in to support law and order. If Mr. Seymour simply meant to make a fling at General Grant, in this reference to military power, he is not less unfortunate; for in this same letter he proudly and boastfully proclaims his own alliance "with the largest meeting of soldiers" ever assembled in this country.

As to the qualifications requisite to the office of President of this Republic, and the duties he must discharge, Mr. Seymour is not only clear, but sound. If his language were alone consulted, I see not why he might not be accepted as the candidate of the freedmen of the South.

"No man can rightfully enter upon the duties of the presidential office unless he is not only willing to carry out the wishes of the people, expressed in a constitutional way, but is also prepared to stand up for the rights of minorities. He must be ready to uphold the free exercise of religion. He must denounce measures which would wrong personal or home rights, or the religious conscience of the humblest citizen. He must maintain, without distinction of creed or nationality, all the privileges of American citizenship."

What could be better than this? If words mean anything, the black citizen—whether North or South—in case of Mr. Seymour's election, would find in the presidential chair a powerful defender of all his civil rights. The Civil Rights Bill should be faithfully executed in every particular. But we all know who speaks, and what the speaker means. Frank Blair, on the same ticket with Seymour, has told us what he means, and what the Democratic party mean. They, with Seymour, mean, as their first and greatest work upon getting into power, to overthrow and destroy the political rights of the "humblest citizen," and to make "distinction" between their rights and those of their former masters by entirely depriving them of the right without which all other rights are a mockery—the sacred right of suffrage. They mean the defeat of the present reconstruction laws of Congress, the main feature of which is the enfranchisement of loyal men, without distinction of color or race. But I weary of the falsehood, hypocrisy, and effrontery of this letter of acceptance. Your readers have already had enough of it. Passing over the fling at Congress that it has acted as if afraid of having its deeds brought to light, saying nothing of its deceitful bait flung out to the friends of the eight-hour law (which may mean anything or mean nothing as the occasion may require), and the tone of pious lament which pervades the whole length of the epistle of the Democratic candidate, the kind reader will bear with me if I notice briefly two other features of this remarkable production.

Mr. Seymour assures us with much fervor of laudation that "the chiefs of the rebellion have submitted to the result of the war." Is this true in any sense which deserves commendation? To what result have they submitted? That they stopped fighting when they could fight no longer implies no moral consideration. A dog will do that. Such submission is simply a physical result, and is no virtue. There is nothing in the principles or doctrines of the "chiefs of the rebellion" which implies any other submission than the submission to overpowering force. I might ask Governor Seymour to which result of the war the rebel chiefs have submitted?—for there have been many. Does he mean that they have submitted to all? If so, the rebels themselves, in a thousand ways, are branding the statement as false. There are two ways of submission: one is unreserved, final, and an entire abandonment of the object sought by the sword; and another is a deceitful and temporary one, dictated by necessity, to gain time, or to avail itself of some other means to accomplish a purpose unabandoned. In which of these meanings the chiefs of the rebellion have submitted is easily determined by a glance at what is at this moment transpiring in the Southern States. The people are being taught by the "chiefs of the rebellion" that, in the election of Seymour and Blair, they will regain all they fought for during the war; that what they lost by the sword they will regain by the ballot; that "secession was never more alive than now"; and that a Democratic victory will undo all that Congress has done in the way of reconstruction.

Mr. Seymour compliments the "chiefs of the rebellion" as now "quietly devoting their time and energies to peaceful pursuits." In some cases this is in a certain sense true. They are, indeed, remarkably "quiet"; but that quiet is itself one of the best proofs, in view of all the circumstances, that they have not heartily submitted to the results of the war. The condition of the South to-day is almost anarchical. Under an outward show of peace, there is going on a fierce and most relentless war. A system of murder and terror has been adopted against loyal men, black and white. This system of organized murder already counts its victims by thousands. The South is unsafe for any loyal Northern merchant or mechanic who dares to speak out his loyal sentiments. Northern capital, though eager to go thither and "build up the old waste places," and bring to the South that prosperity which ought to result from peace, cannot venture into that troubled domain. But the "rebel chiefs are quiet." Yes, Nero fiddled when Rome was on fire. These men, with marvelous equanimity, quietly see their loyal and peaceable neighbors murdered at midnight, and are doing what they can to shield the murderers. Every man acquainted as I am with the South, and with the peculiar influence exerted by leading men there, knows that the breath of a few of the "chiefs of the rebellion" would instantly check the flow of blood and disband the organized assassins. One word from Gen. Lee could speak peace to Virginia, and measurably to the whole South. But no; he will not speak that word. Silent, cold, and grim, he doubtless contemplates the desolation with gloomy satisfaction. The silence of such men as Gen. Lee, at such a time as this, is not virtue to be commended, but crime to be reprobated. It is the silence of malice which conceals the murderer—the silence which gives a neighbor to midnight flames, instead of sounding the alarm and rescuing him. It is the silence which would sicken the loyal Government of its victory over treason, and worry the nation into concessions to the rebels vanquished in open and honorable war.

There are evidently conflicting opinions and theories among leading men as to the powers of a President of the United States, and also as to the manner in which he may properly exercise those powers. One class of men amongst us have practically committed themselves to a theory of the office which virtually makes the President a despot. He cannot, to be sure, dictate what shall be the law; but he can decide what law shall be enforced and obeyed, and what law shall not. Congress may pass laws; and he may veto them. Congress may pass them over the veto; and he may then refuse to enforce or obey them, with impunity. He is the only man in the country who may do as he pleases. All other men must obey law. He alone has the sovereign right to despise law. This theory was tested in the recent trial to impeach the President. In terms this theory would have but few advocates anywhere; but in substance it has been practically endorsed by the refusal of the Senate to convict Andrew Johnson. On this subject Mr. Seymour, in the Seymour way, espouses the cause of Andrew Johnson, and must be held to endorse the most extravagant presidential pretensions. He belongs to that class who would make a President in large measure a law unto himself, and beyond the reach of impeachment. Much of his denunciation of the violence of Congress is based upon the attempt of that body to exercise its constitutional right of impeachment. Now every man who believes in making the President of the United States an executive rather than a legislative officer—one who is to enforce the laws, rather than one to make or break them—should know just what to do with Horatio Seymour.

KAMADEVA.

BY JOEL BENTON.

AGES ago, when Love was young,
And bore his bent bow lightly strung,
In sport he sent one careless dart,
Which lodged in cruel Sira's heart.

The god whose blood is fluid ire
Felt only hate, and not desire;
So, from his breast the pang to void,
Fair Kamadeva he destroyed.

But when the other gods were told
What had befallen the gentle-souled
Sweet soother of the undying years,
All wet his ashes with their tears.

Then Love sprang up with brighter eyes,
No longer tricked in fleshly guise,
And, free from mortal taint or stain,
He ranges now the eternal plain.

THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

AT MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

LEANING over the railing which takes the place of a pulpit in the far-famed "Tabernacle," Mr. Spurgeon, in his own inimitably sincere and gracious manner, made the following announcement:

"After the sermon we will break bread in remembrance of our blessed Lord. All members of the Christian Church are invited to unite with us."

So, prepared by the sermon of the morning, fervid with love and consecration as it was, we passed quietly along with the thoughtful-faced multitude, to the large basement-room in which the sacred service was to be held. As we entered, some one at the door pleasantly asked: "Are you members of a Christian church?" and handed us a small "communion ticket," with this passage from Ephesians printed on it: "*Love unto all the saints.*" The question touched us deeply. Ah! thrice-beloved and far-off home! We thought of "sweet counsel" long ago taken in the dear old church that calls us children, and bowed the glad affirmative we could not trust ourselves to speak.

Beyond all others in our recollection, this scene recalled that first memorial Supper, which was our Saviour's last on earth.

The long and narrow table, with a white cloth curiously wrapped round it; the many quaintly-handled silver cups, and heaped-up plates of bread, all standing before us uncovered; while around sat the elders of the church, as they might sit at their home-table, and in their midst the pastor, with face inspired by loving thoughts of Him in whose "remembrance" we all had come together. It was a scene "quite on the verge of Heaven"; and thoughts "of what we were, or might have been before," were soon forgotten in the sweet and prayerful purpose to so lay hold upon that "hope set before us in the Gospel" that some day not far distant—some strangely blissful day—we might drink the fruit of the vine from Heaven's own garden, with our risen and glorious Lord.

After a moment's silence, they sang a hymn, in voices full of worship; and in the calm that followed, while scores of faces bore the marks of happy tears, we heard the pastor's earnest voice:

"'And Jesus, in the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks'—let us give thanks!"

If I could but transcribe the thrilling words that followed! Such I never heard before: so full of yearning, passionate love toward Christ our Saviour. There was a fervor, an enthusiasm of devotion, such as no soul would cherish that did not ardently and closely cling to Him whose tender jealousy declares, "If ye love son or daughter, wife or husband, more than me, ye are not worthy of me."

"And when he had given thanks, and brake the bread, and gave thereof to his disciples"—with these words the pastor broke the bread into small fragments, aided by those who sat around him, and gazed upon us all in silence, but with fond sympathy, while we reverently passed from pew to pew the plates sent to us from the table, and took in turn our portion of the consecrated bread.

Before the cup was given us another prayer was offered, if it were possible, more earnest, more full of longing faith and eager love, than was the first, and closing with these words, strongly and strikingly revealing his nature who gave utterance to them:

"Then with Thy bread our spirits sate,
And with thy wine inebriate!"

In solemn silence we received the cup.

"And afterward they sang an hymn—let us, too, sing." And these sweet, stirring words were read with indescribable heartiness, and sung in tremulous tones:

"If in life I have Thy grace,
And at death behold Thy face,
Life may stay, or life may flee,
Lord, 'tis all alike to me."

Then followed a few words of exhortation—the speaker seated in the easy-chair which he had all the time occupied, and leaning toward his eager hearers in the confidential way peculiar to him, and closing with the apostolic benediction.

When the sweet and simple, but to us most memorable, service was ended, we went with many others to grasp the warm and faithful hand of this foremost among Christian ministers. In that wonderfully heartfelt way which, after all, one will remember longer than any other of his rarely characteristic ways, he said, as we bade him good-by:

"I'm glad you tarried with us. Our entire membership meets once every month, to partake of the Communion, and we number two thousand then; but a large number of us come in this way every Sabbath—*for we delight in it.*"

So we left him, and sought the noisy London street, soothed by such lovely thoughts of heavenly things as no tumult can disturb, nor felt ourselves as strangers any more. The "enthusiasm" of which "Ecce Homo" so eloquently speaks has its embodiment in Charles H. Spurgeon, we shall always think, and is the perfect, aromatic flower of all his splendid gifts.

Always will our faith be kindled, our love of sacred things exalted, by remembrance of those first, last words he ever spoke to us, when, in referring to the Sacrament, he said: "Ah! *we delight in it!*" while his whole countenance was inspired by the sweet and sacred thought.

THE PERILS OF THE HOUR.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I DO not doubt that a decided majority of the legal voters of our country prefer the election of Grant and Colfax to that of Seymour and Blair. I believe this will be proved by the returns of the Presidential election, next November. And yet I feel that there is danger—grave danger—that the majority will, through apathy and mismanagement, suffer itself to be defeated by the minority. Here are some of my reasons:

I. The counterfeiting of naturalization papers, the naturalizing of persons not yet entitled to citizenship, and the polling of illegal votes by means of "repeaters" or "rounders," have become an essential portion of Democratic strategy. By fraudulent votes in this State and Louisiana, Henry Clay was beaten, so long ago as 1844. By fraudulent votes, Abraham Lincoln was very nearly deprived of the vote of this state in 1864, though at least twenty-five thousand majority of the legal votes were cast for him. By fraudulent votes the Democratic majority in this city, consequently in the state, was swelled many thousands last Fall. Such crimes always tend to become more flagrant and pervasive until conclusively arrested. Unless extraordinary and systematic efforts shall be made to arrest them, Forty Thousand illegal votes will be cast against us this Fall in our State alone, and New York thus carried for Sham Democracy, as Pennsylvania was last October. Organization, vigilance, work, on a scale hitherto unknown, are imperatively required to prevent this calamity. They have in Pennsylvania a regular manufactory of counterfeit naturalization papers, with the stolen seal of a court, and everything complete. They have cheated us badly with these papers; they will cheat us far worse this year, if they can. So they will in nearly every other State. The raw material whence sham voters are manufactured is nearly all in their hands; the blacklegs who forge as a business are Democrats by instinct. The criminal population of our City, numbering not less than 30,000 persons, will poll a very large vote; and at least ninety-nine hundredths of it for Seymour and Blair. They like the men and their principles, and will throw accordingly a good many more votes than they are legally entitled to.

II. Our friends seem to be almost everywhere resting in the conviction that Gen. Grant cannot possibly be beaten. This is at once untrue and perilous. He not only *can*, but *will*, be beaten, unless the Republicans work with more energy and efficiency than they have thus far done. Indiana is the only doubtful State which seems to be contested by them with adequate zeal and industry. I trust that Ohio cannot be lost; but, if there be no revival on our side, the ballot-boxes will close on the night of the October State Election with at least *Ten Thousand* more Republican than Democratic votes unpolled. Perhaps we can stand that disparity, and perhaps not. It is not safe to take the risk.

So of Pennsylvania. We were heavily cheated there last October; we are likely to be worse cheated now. Her election laws are tolerably good; but the judges in strong Democratic districts set them at defiance, taking all the votes that are offered—especially all the bad ones. They will cheat us at least Ten Thousand in October. We can beat them still, if every Republican vote is polled. But will they be? Will Allegheny give her 10,000, Lancaster her 6,000, and others in proportion? Will Berks, Northampton, Monroe, Columbia, etc., give no more than their legal majority against us? I hope, but fear.

Now let us suppose that the enemies of Human Rights should—no matter by what means—carry Pennsylvania and Ohio in October, winning likewise some local triumphs in other states; what then? Shall we not see the very men who now shirk effort, on the plea that Grant cannot be beaten, lying down in inaction because (they will say) he is already beaten, and cannot possibly be elected? How swift will be their transition from blind presumption to cowardly despair?

The States are entitled to choose 317 electors, whereof 159 are a majority. There *should* be no doubt of Gen. Grant's carrying at least these:

Maine	7	Michigan	6
New Hampshire	5	Wisconsin	8
Massachusetts	13	Minnesota	4
Rhode Island	4	Iowa	8
Vermont	5	Missouri	11
West Virginia	5	Kansas	3
Ohio	21	Tennessee	10
Indiana	13	North Carolina	9
Illinois	16	South Carolina	4
Louisiana	6		
Total			159

Here are just votes enough to elect, with regard to which there should be no doubt. But Ohio and West Virginia are desperately contested; and, while we have most voters in each, our adversaries seem for the present to have the best workers. And, while Wade Hampton boldly proclaims that every black who works for a "Democrat" !! must give his vote to Seymour and Blair, or be deprived of work, bread, and home, how can we feel sure that any Rebel state will vote for Grant? We know right well that thirty thousand majority of the legal voters of South Carolina will hope and pray that Grant may be elected; but twenty thousand of these may be constrained to vote for Seymour, or not to vote at all. So of other rebel states. We cannot rely on one of them till the votes shall have been polled and the result declared.

Men and Brethren! We must carry Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania for Grant and Colfax! With these—or even half of them—there can be no mistake as to the result. Without at least two of them, all is in doubt. We can carry every one of them, except possibly New Jersey, if we begin at once and resolutely try. Half of us may not suffice to insure the desired result; but, if every one will do his best, our triumph is certain.

But what is it to do our best? I answer:

1. Form a Grant Club at once in every township, with an independent working organization in each election district.

2. Get the name of every Grant and Colfax voter in that district, and have him a member of the Club, if possible.

3. Next record the name of every other voter in said district, with every one entitled to become or be made a voter before November 3d.

4. See that every one who will read Republican papers is provided with at least one good one.

5. Make arrangements that will render the polling of an illegal vote in that district morally impossible.

6. Take care that—no matter what may be the weather—every Grant voter in that district shall be at the poll before noon of election day, and shall vote as early as may be.

7. Look out for the undecided or wavering that they vote with us, so far as may be.

Friends! such is the meaning of work. Are you already about it?

GOD'S MESSENGER.

ADOWN the slowly-creeping years,
Well laden with their hopes and fears,
I gaze a long and weary way,
And see myself approach the time
When I, like all things past their prime,
Am slowly tending to decay.

I note how surely fades away
The beauty from this house of clay;
I mark full well the eyesight dim,
The tottering step, the withering cheek,
The faltering hands, now all too weak
To do their bit of work for Him.

I see the soul shrunk, grown with years
Too weak for joy, too dull for tears;
The butterfly, turned chrysalis,
In some small corner closely curled,
Forgetting there the noisy world,
Hath scarcely less of life than this.

And then, in that great strait, I see
God's messenger come down to me.
A child leaps lightly to my breast,
A "little darling" fresh from bliss,
And on these lips, unused to kiss,
As once of old, are kisses prest.

So close and warm that loving grasp,
So tight around my neck the clasp,
Once more with joy the dull heart thrills,
And to the dim and faded eyes
The sunny paths of youth arise,
A brimming tide the desert fills.

And at that touch the bonds give way,
The pent soul bursts its fettering clay,
Upsprings from dust and darkness here,
Its quickened powers with life expand,
And, fresh and young, they hand in hand
Mid boundless worlds their course may steer.

M. E. M.

HATFIELD, MASS.

SHALL WE GO TO HEAVEN BY PROXY?

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

IN nearly every religion except Christianity the priest is the central figure. Judaism was the shadow of Christianity projected into the future; and Romanism is the shadow which it leaves upon the past as it advances toward the light. Both these forms of faith, because of their imperfection, admit the priestly element. Both of them are accommodations to the ignorance of mankind; the one being designed by God himself to lead the people out of heathenism, the other being contrived by men to keep the people in spiritual thralldom. But the priesthood, which was allowed to the Jewish people because of the hardness of their hearts, and which is perpetuated among the Romish laity because of their ignorance and the ambition of their hierarchs, is no part of Christianity. Humanity has had but one great High Priest, of whom the Levitical priest was the representative and the Romish priest is the caricature.

The priest (*presbes*) is one who stands before men as they approach Deity, interceding for them, and mediating between them and the Divine Being. He is the only one who can offer acceptable sacrifice to God, and he expounds the divine law with authority. He is the voice of the people when they would speak to God, and the voice of God when he speaks to the people. In direct opposition to this universal conception of heathenism, Christ and his apostles taught that no such human mediation between man and God is needful. The Christian doctrine is that every believer is himself a priest to God. He not only can, but must, present his own offerings and make his own confessions. No man can stand between him and the divine tribunal. "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

History shows that this idea of a priesthood has had immense power over men. The reason is plain enough. The priests propose to take this great business of religion into their own hands, and to relieve the people of the greater part of the care and labor which belong to it. It is a business which involves no little anxiety; and most men are glad to find some one who will undertake to transact it for them. These great concerns of the soul require thought; and, because men are either too busy or too lazy to think for themselves, they are more than willing that somebody else should think for them. The responsibilities of both worlds are vast; and, if the priest will engage to bear a large share of them, the people will be inclined to lay them off upon his shoulders. Thus the ambition of the priests and the indolence of the people have conspired to establish and perpetuate the sacerdotal function.

In our reformed Protestant churches we have not the priesthood in name, but we have the thing itself in some of its worst forms. The same traits of human nature which led to the establishment of a hierarchical class under other systems of religion are present in the Protestant churches. There is among us, as well as among Romanists and Pagans, a disrelish of responsibility, and a disposition to shirk labor and investigation. Consequently, there are large classes in our churches whose thinking is all done for them, by their religious teachers. They accept what is taught them, without much questioning, and are ready to do battle for these second-hand opinions with that furious zeal which is the legitimate offspring of ignorance.

In our worship, too, the workings of the same principle are seen. Our congregations are too often merely passive and receptive in the public service of the sanctuary. They assemble at a given hour, establish themselves comfortably in their pews, and sit through the service in the most unconcerned manner possible. The majority of them never touch a Bible or a hymn-book—never open their lips in song or in prayer. They have hired the minister to do their preaching and their praying, and the choir to do their singing; and they come to church on Sunday, apparently, to see whether these public servants properly perform their parts. If they do, well. If not, they are soundly criticised. People to whom the name of priest is an abomination are yet well satisfied to worship God by proxy.

But still more prevalent is the disposition to remit to others the active duties of the Christian life. But a small proportion of the members of our churches can be said to be actively engaged in Christian work. At the prayer-meeting, where the religious activity of the church is concentrated, not more than one-third or one-fourth of the members of the church are commonly found; and, of those who come, only a small number participate in the service. The Sunday-school furnishes a promising field of labor; but very few are ready to occupy it. I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that one-half of the members in our Protestant churches are never known to lift a finger in any kind of Christian work. In some churches, perhaps, a larger proportion of active Christians might be found; but the general average would not be larger than this. This is not because there is any lack of Christian work. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. There are not many parishes where the churchless class are not in the majority. The vicious, the ignorant, and the frivolous are all about us; and, if we have any life in us, there is surely need that we should be doing something to save them. Within easy reach of every sanctuary many such persons may be found, who, by a little effort, might be induced to come in on the Sabbath day, and to whom the quiet services of the Lord's house might be a means not only of improvement, but of salvation. And yet these persons live from year to year within sound of the church-bell, without once following its call, and without ever knowing that any of the multitude of church-goers care for their souls. In the neighborhood of most of our churches there are neglected districts, where the population is sparse, and where no religious influence is ever felt. These districts ought to be occupied with Sabbath-schools, and with neighborhood prayer-meetings; but the number of those who are ready to enter upon such a work is very small. These organized public efforts to spread the Gospel are not the only ways in which Christian influence may be exerted. The opportunities of doing good are numberless. One whose heart is set upon service finds ways and means enough of serving his fellow-men. But it seems hardly to enter into the thoughts of many Christian people that they are called to service. Whatever missionary or benevolent work there is to be done must be done, they think, by the pastor, and the deacons, and a few others in the church who seem to have a faculty of doing it. And, if those who are now engaged in the work are not able to do it, these idle Christians begin to talk about hiring a colporteur or a city missionary, never once dreaming that they have any personal concern in it. Now the fact is that God has placed Christian people in the midst of poverty, and ignorance, and vice on purpose that *they* may do good to those who are in need—not that they may hire somebody else to do it. They need, for their own spiritual health and growth, just such work as this. They cannot subsist as Christians without it. It is a means of grace to them—the most important, I think, of all the means of grace. It is just what they need to deepen their sympathies, to enlarge their faith, to cultivate their piety on the practical side, and to keep them out of mischief. The idea of leaving this work for your minister to do, or of employing some one else to do it, is, in any true view of the Christian life, simply absurd. You might as well hire somebody else to read the Bible for you, or to do all your praying. Your minister, if he is the right sort of man, will not let you do all this work; he will have a hand in it himself. The luxury of doing good in this way is a luxury he will not willingly forego; but he cannot do it all—and, even if he could, you cannot afford to let him.

This is one of the worst defects in our church-life—the lack of personal service on the part of so large a part of the members of our churches. Many of those who contribute liberally toward the building of churches and mission chapels, and toward the support of ministers and missionaries (and who for this are deserving of praise) are yet wholly negligent of this kind of work. They never put themselves in personal contact with those whom they would benefit. All the good they do is done by proxy.

It is well to give money; but it is not well to make the giving of money a substitute for Christian activity. It is well to send the Gospel, but better far to go and carry it—better for those who are ministered unto, and better for those who minister.

"Almsgiving through a door that is
Not open enough for two mouths to kiss"

is a barren sort of benevolence. These neglected and wretched people need our sympathy more than anything else. If they feel that the one who comes to seek them out and do them good is only a hireling, employed to visit them by people who are too busy or too dainty to come themselves, they will be far less likely to receive the benefit intended than if they see that it is wholly a labor of love, undertaken by those who are not ashamed to follow in the footsteps of Him who was the friend of publicans and sinners, and who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich.

The path of service leads through the lowliest places. They who refuse to follow in it have no part nor lot in Christ's kingdom. They who do not walk in it are not even journeying *toward* heaven. We shall all find, too, before we get to the end of it, that *that* is a journey which cannot be made by proxy.

THE LAST "GOOD-NIGHT."

BY EDWARD LIVINGSTON WELLS.

ONCE more, dear mother, let me say "Good-night,"
And kiss thee, as I have been wont of old,
There on thy marble brow, so pure and white,
And on thy loving lips, so pale and cold.

Take this—my farewell kiss, I give thee now;
Let my hot tears fall fast upon thy cheek;
Would they could melt the coldness of thy brow,
Would they could move thy loving lips to speak.

Wilt thou not answer back again, "Good-night"?
Why are thy lips so mute? Not so of yore.
Oh! mother, breathe one word, and let the light
Of thy dear eyes illume my heart once more.

In vain! in vain! thou answerest not thy child,
Whom to thy heart thou hast so often prest;
Vainly I call, in accents soft or wild—
Thou wilt not speak, and set my heart at rest.

And is this death? Or art thou feigning sleep?
Oh! beauteous counterfeit! if such it be—
No! no! thou couldst not hear thy children weep,
And lie there, heedless of their cries to thee.

Good-night! good-night! sweet mother, 'tis the last;
For ah! to-morrow's sinking sun its beams
Upon thy grave in golden lines will cast,
And I no more shall see thee but in dreams.

Oh! for that long to-morrow, whose bright sun
Shall never set—for God will be its light;
Then, dearest mother, all our partings done,
We shall no longer need to say, Good-night!

JULY 21st, 1868.

THE FINISHING OF CREATION.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us some inquiries on this subject, and asks an explanation of the meaning of the following verses in the Scripture narrative, being the last verse of chap. 1 and three verses in chap. 2 of the Book of Genesis:

"And God saw every thing that he had made: and behold it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

"And God blessed the seventh day, and santified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

We submit the following remarks, in the hope that our friend, and perhaps other Sunday-school teachers, will be helped in their study of this most important narrative.

The difficulty which some find in Gen. i., 31, and ii., 1, 2, arises from a misconception of the artlessness and truthfulness of the language, as judged by the Hebrew idiom. We can say, in English, "he finished *on* the seventh"; or, "he finished *by* the seventh." In Hebrew there would be the same preposition (*b*) in both cases; any ambiguity that might arise, when that ambiguity was of any consequence, being settled by the context. So here. Just above, the work of the *sixth* day had been specially described, bringing down the whole to the beginning (that is, the *evening*) of the seventh, *by* which time all was finished, and the great rest begins. The first verses of the second, whether by the same writer or not, evidently refer to the first chapter, as is shown by the conjunction *were*—*and so the heavens, etc., were finished.* Then follows the benediction of the *seventh*, with the mention of the *cessation* from work on that day. It is called a *finishing*, or ending, to make an impressive verbal parallel (or paronomasia) with the language of the preceding summary: "So the heavens and earth were finished"—all done on the previous day, ending at the evening, or beginning, of the seventh; "and *then* God ended, finished, or ceased to work on the seventh." What follows takes away all ambiguity by the change of the word: "And God *rested* (*sabbathed, wayyish both*, instead of the previous *wayekhal*) on the seventh day from all his work, which he had done."

This is the simple explanation of it; though the peculiar language somewhat puzzled the Septuagint translator, and occasioned his rendering *sixth day*, instead of seventh, which is evidently exegetical, or explanatory, and by no means warrants the conclusion that he had before him a different Hebrew text. There is the same method adopted in the Syriac, and in the Samaritan; which latter is, beyond all doubt, a mere accommodation to the Septuagint, as Gesenius proves. The Targums and the Vulgate correspond exactly to the Hebrew text, and so do all the early Jewish and Arabic versions and commentaries.

Although of no importance, it may be noted that Mohammed charges the Jews with a change of the Sabbath (Koran, ch. xvi); whereupon his commentator, Al Zamakhshari, gives a long and absurd account of the manner in which it came about. It is evident, however, that he knew nothing of the original; but had only heard of the difference in the Greek version, which he endeavors to turn in favor of Friday, the *sixth* day, or Mohammedan Sabbath.

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It need only be said that the words rendered *finished* and *ended* are the same in the Hebrew text. They appear to have been varied by the English translator, to avoid the seeming difficulty in transferring the Hebrew idiom, or giving something that would resemble it.

Five Americans.

LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was styled by Willis, with the usual aptness of that felicitous writer, "the best-launched poet in America." He was, perhaps, too well launched: won too easy a success, lost the power to digest wholesome criticism, like that of Margaret Fuller, and experienced for some years that reaction of indifference with which the public sometimes repays a petted child. I remember that a newspaper spoke of him, at five and twenty, as a man "whose genius was at once the delight and wonder of his fellow-countrymen." But many years passed during which this popularity seemed rather weakened than strengthened; perhaps because he showed no appetite to increase it, and seemed content to rest upon his oars.

We juniors used to be indignant at the assertion of certain cold critics that he was, after all, rather a wit than a poet. Yet it is doubtless as a wit that most of his enduring laurels have been won. His early zeal as a reformer brought this wit to bear in the right direction, when most needed. The early "Biglow Papers" for the first time brought the laugh on the right side; and such service as this was readily accepted in lieu of many other gifts. Yet he was naïvely a radical by temperament, though it was during his radical epoch that much of his best poetic work was done; and it was the great stimulus of the war in later years which elicited the rest. That the white heats of his intellectual life should have occurred at these two periods shows how much the action of his genius depended on his moral enthusiasm.

So far as wit goes, neither our literature nor any other has more to offer than in the "Biglow Papers." No one had thoroughly studied the rustic dialect of New England before; no one else writes it now so well. Lowell overstates and overspells its quaintnesses

The Lost Image.

A STORY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CASTLE AND THE CROWN.

THE Daltyre family were sobered by the Monkton catastrophe, like a group who had been delivered from violent and sudden death. They appreciated better the true value of wealth as they saw it flapping its wings, ready to fly away, and only detained by what they considered a providence of God.

They were sickened at the display of Monkton's character. While some of the viciously-inclined made use of his example as an argument against churches, the Daltyres set it up as a warning, and daily searched their hearts, lest they should indulge his hypocrisies or cherish his spirit.

Fleetwood was absorbed in but one phase of the Monkton denouement—its settling of the social status of Nina, and its solution of her life mystery.

He longed to talk it over with her.

"How did Nina receive the startling announcement, Julia? Tell me, pray."

"I was by her side. You know how this unsolved mystery has brooded over her life. She trembled like a leaf, and took her mother on faith (she is a mother to be proud of), and ran to her assistance."

"Did she send me no farewell word?"

"Nothing by me. We left in haste, excepting father. Frank bore himself with the calmness of one who had believed God would vindicate him, and this was his day."

"Then Frank and Nina are brother and sister! Frank is a modern John Knox or Martin Luther. I have never in all my experience found such living practical faith in God."

"I should so enjoy hearing his moralizings upon it. I warrant you, he makes it substantiate the theory upon which he lives."

Just here Harry Binyard came dashing into the sick-room, and Fleetwood raised his cane to ward him off from the chair in which his injured limb rested. Harry's face bore a very quizzical expression—a great wonder, suffused with joy—much as though a miracle had been drowned in his countenance.

"We have had an apparition at our house."

"A what?" inquired Julia, who could never fathom his jokes.

"An appearance," reiterated Harry.

"A ghost?" asked Julia.

"Not exactly—that is to say—it's a little wee neophyte—a polyp—a—"

And he was running on.

'Is this a conundrum, Harry?"

"No, my dear little Auntie, its a baby—a *baby*—plump and progressive. How are you, Uncle Fleet?"

Before Fleetwood could travel without the aid of a cane, he took cars for a delightful village in Connecticut.

A missive preceded him by post, so that he was not altogether an unexpected guest.

The Mannerlys were ensconced in the old Stirling homestead; which, though sadly gone to decay, had been refurbished during the intervening month. And the great elms which locked arms over the green love-ways set a becoming example to a pair of youth whose hearts were locked in one sense and very wide open in another.

Fleetwood pressed his suit in a straightforward and enthusiastic manner, quite characteristic.

The poor mother was engaged in filling up the long blank in her career by the aid of her willing children and devoted Gaspar.

Nina's cup was full. The cloud left her brow, the shadow left her heart. She had a mother, and a name honorable to bear.

The chief obstacle Fleetwood had to encounter came from the parents. They desired to retain their daughter. She was "her mother over again," all the old neighbors said.

Fleetwood persisted, allowing his love alone to parry objections.

"Not before six months," added he. "Not until I have a settlement; for Nina and I have chosen our calling, *con amore*."

While the parents were dallying with their consent, the time was improved by the lovers.

Frank made the way easy for them; but declared he was jealous of his sister's preoccupation, and gave notice that he should plot a retaliation.

By the brook-side and over the hills, in all the homes of rarest wild-flowers, the two wandered; and Nina would pause in sad recollection of her weary pilgrimage in quest of her mother.

The cane soon became an encumbrance, and the two lovers planned their future work. No cloud covered their castle, no trouble touched its foundations. They feared neither the descent of the rain nor the rising of the flood; for the castle their devoted hearts erected in the future was built upon a rock. They forecast means of making men better, women better.

If their schemes were rosied with youth and love, they were practical; and their hearts found fullest expression and closest contact in the cause of the Saviour.

They quaffed their lungs full of odors which bathed the glistering scythe of the husbandman—taking that most disciplining course of Natural Theology and Theology of Nature, in which each flower becomes a separate oracle, symbolizing an attribute of God, more full than written word—even full with the soul which interprets it.

When the heart in its highest exercise is loose in sympathetic Nature, every form or shade of flower, every flavor of perfume, every strain of bird, every caprice of light, every stir of insect, all the glory caught between the brackets of the grass-blade and the star, is but thought, bare to its quick, swimming in an ocean of resplendent love.

The final conflagration will be a tame crisis compared with such an efflorescence, such a blossoming out of the universe, and of the heart to enjoy it.

Then it is religion and worship to confound your love to Creator and creature; for it holds, in love as in alms, that "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me." Then Pantheism is true. Then all things gleam with aureoral glory, and you confuse song and light, the Shekinah and the Bethlehem anthem.

This consciousness of God through so penetrating a love—God in whom Nature floats as buds upon a translucent, coastless lake—*this is heaven*, of which the artificer on Patmos constructed only a clumsy, metallic model.

The intercommuning love of these mated hearts opened up a highway of which they could see no end. Its direction was toward the whitest spot in the universe.

Caught in a shower, during a ramble, they found ready shelter under a thick-branched tree, and opposite them rose the bank of a ravine, climbed over with running vines, bearing their sparse berries or more profuse flowers.

"We cannot commence our work too soon," said Fleetwood. "With you by my side, I shall have no cross to bear."

"I trust it all to you, Fleetwood, as I ever have. And who can achieve more?"

"I bless God for Mr. Chrystal, to whom we both owe so much."

"Do you recollect my first sight of you, poor girl? Little did I think I was out love-making on that day."

Mr. Mannerly, in the meantime, had been called to the city on business.

The lovers returned that evening beneath a rainbow which the sun looped above them. The day-monarch seemed struggling with the western horizon, determined, by one display of fire or another, or one movement of cloud or another, to remove it altogether, as Jupiter Tonans might hurl lightnings of all colors and qualities to annihilate an obstinate foe. In the amber light of such a sunset they were met at the gate by the announcement that a wasted invalid, with shattered nerves, flowing beard, and hair prematurely white, was within. The loving hands of Mr. Mannerly had tenderly removed him from city heats.

The poor artist, with his store of art treasures, had accompanied his friend, Langman on his return. They were companions during Mannerly's search for his family. They were cemented by Morro's pure worship of his daughter; and the artist was first trusted with the fact of her paternity, though under solemn vows of secrecy. This aided him in explaining her name, and made the Veronica picture more dear to him.

On his return, deposited in his old quarters, the artist had seen no one save Mr. Mannerly and Etzel, whose musical prominence by this time kept him constantly occupied, while Mannerly was almost wild under the pressure of his cares and anxieties.

Here he was at last on the verge of the "green pastures." Each weary hour since the great catastrophe he had never ceased to ask for the lost picture—"Image" he called it. "It was a statue on canvas," said he. "You could see around it—almost handle it. Oh! for the Lost Image."

"In the morning," replied Mr. Mannerly to their impatient haste to grasp his hand. "Not until morning. Morro is too much fatigued to-night, and is endeavoring to rest."

A twinge of jealousy, unaccountable yet unmistakeable, shot through Fleetwood's quickened sensibilities, though he was Morro's devoted friend.

As the family sat in the twilight, watching the fire-flies and listening to the choral festivity of the frogs in an adjacent pond, and the calls of the crickets, and the plaintive demands of that irrepressible flagelator, the whip-poor-will, Nina, with her head resting on the lap of her fondling mother, acceeded to the demands of her curious interest by detailing the character, and achievements, and ambitions of their new guest.

Fleetwood found it necessary, as Nina's enthusiasm warmed in the recital, to throttle the Adamic Daltyre, who was revolting in his breast, and keep him, breathless, in the firm grasp of reason and friendship.

At early dawn the family were summoned, and stood at the bed-side of the dying artist, in intense silence for recognition.

"Veronica," he gasped, fixing upon her his great, full eyes. "Mine. Remember the lily."

"My dear Fleetwood, I have found the Lost Image—just found it. Promise me to seek my canvas no longer. To you who still linger she shall be the true Image, the vera-icon. A sanctified, inspired child of God is the best model of it. Art cannot find it."

Now, raising his hand, the silver-mounted brush gleamed in the increasing light. "Bury this brush with me. I have no successor. The Lost Image is found. As I saw Jesus on that night in Rome, I see him now, only more near, more helpful. The Lost Image is found."

With this sentence, laboriously uttered, as the melodies of birds, thick upon all the trees, poured through the open windows, and the fresh breezes dipped in the dew blew in the clambering flowers as though they were reaching to crown his victory, and the first golden ray of the risen sun entered the apartment, the silver brush was still, and the golden bowl broken.

With so radiant a key was the prison-door unlocked, and the artist satisfied in the vision of his model.

Tears of affectionate pity sprinkled the lily which lay upon his breast, and the wreath which twined the silver brush; and into the custody of the Summer they surrendered him for the resurrection.

Etzel arrived in time to follow him to the grave.

"How favored are we who are left to work and love!" said Fleetwood.

"What devotion had poor Morro!" ejaculated Etzel.

"And what lofty aims!" added Fleetwood.

"And how he developed, using his profession to help him, to the Divine likeness," rejoined Etzel, cured of skepticism.

After a pause, Fleetwood continued: "All men are hunting ideals. There is an Image, lost to most, hunted by most—the Golden Calf; which, like that bronze crucifix of your childhood, Nina, if found, only yields an estate.

"There is another Image, pursued by fewer — Fame, with its silver trumpet; which, when seized, affords a temporary satiety to ambition, like the lost masterpiece of Morro.

"And there is still another Image," (Fleetwood threw his soul into the utterance) "lost to all; which, when found at last, is the transformation of character—is the victor of ill and death.

"It is the Image of Christ. To restore it to men, what dignity for ambition!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's office of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, Dec. 30th, 1867, by HARRY C. BOWLES.

OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

BY REV. GEO. D. STEWART.

I PROPOSE to say a few plain, sober words in THE INDEPENDENT on the Theological Seminaries of the Old School branch of the Presbyterian Church; and I do so in your paper because it is probable that none of our own newspapers would feel it proper to admit any free criticism of these institutions into their columns.

If the reunion of the Old and the New School branches of the family be speedily accomplished, then by the very terms of the union the question of the future direction and control of our theological seminaries will be at once raised. But it is now very probable that the union will be delayed. The tacticians of the obstructive party in the Old School Assembly completely outgeneraled the other side, and placed obstacles in the way of union (which will at least delay it) very cunningly by the hands of its friends; whereat there must have been very considerable internal smiling on the part of the anti-union men.

But, even if the shrewd tactics of this minority of the Old School body prevail to prevent the union, it seems to me that, in the present temper of that body, it will not be long before our theological seminaries receive some attention, and be asked to give an account of their stewardship. Perhaps the desire to avoid any agitation of questions connected with the present organization of our theological seminaries may influence Dr. C. Hodge, and his personal friends and followers, to that extreme bitterness of opposition to reunion which has given a tinge of gall to their side of the controversy which ought to have been absent from the thoughts and words of Christian men in this age of the church when discussing the question of restoring the unity of any of the fragments into which, by the sins of Christians, the body of Christ has been divided.

If we look closely at the faculty and graduates of Princeton Seminary, one result will appear; and that is a barrenness of intellectual results for such an outlay and apparatus. Before the establishment of that seminary, and under the old system of private theological instruction, we had Drs. Archibald Alexander and Samuel Miller ready to assume the position, to which they were called, of theological teachers, and to take their place among the chief writers of the land. There were many others of their generation capable of filling similar places with credit and usefulness. In the next generation we had in Princeton Drs. Charles Hodge and J. Addison Alexander—who, it must be remembered, were students of German universities, as well as of Princeton.

But what do we find of fertility or eminence when we come to the third generation of Princeton-trained theological professors? The falling off is plainly manifest in the *Review!* Where are the biblical articles, after the manner of Addison Alexander, written by his successor in Hebrew literature, Prof. Green? What are the results of his long study of the Hebrew? A small grammar, and one among the many replies to Colenso! No works such as that of Murphy on Genesis, Perowne on the Psalms, or Pusey on the Minor Prophets, attest the proficiency of our learned professor. The second son of Dr. C. Hodge has occupied for many years the chair of Greek literature of the New Testament. Where are his contributions to that literature, in the *Review* or elsewhere? No such work as Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," as Professor Plumptre's "Christ and Christendom," Bernard's "Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament," have emanated from either of these chairs. The liberal school of the Church of England, so derided as heretics, and the professors of a single college at Edinburgh—the "New College" of the Free Church—have either of them done more for theological science within the past five years than Princeton in the last quarter of a century. Belfast and Glasgow have also excelled Princeton in this respect.

In making this statement I do not forget the contributions of Drs. Hodge and Addison Alexander to biblical science. But, deeply impressed as I was, while a student, with the personal greatness of Dr. Addison Alexander, time has forced me to believe that he has left no writings worthy of his fame or his real ability.

When he came to write, the hair of the giant was shorn, and he tried in vain to grind corn in the Princeton theological mill. I would not willingly undervalue Dr. C. Hodge's exegetical labors; but in our partiality we should not overrate them. His commentaries are not mentioned in the first edition of Kitto's Cyclopedia, while Prof. Moses Stuart's Commentary on Romans is pronounced the greatest exegetical work in the English language. There is no mention of the exegetical works of Dr. Hodge in the great Biblical Dictionary of Dr. William Smith.

It is very evident that, with his sons and pupils placed in positions of learned leisure in the church, the *Princeton Review* has grievously degenerated. "So weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable" has the *Repertory* become, that its very existence has been threatened, and special appeals were needed to prevent its speedy death. Nothing more ludicrous in the history of ponderous quarterlies was ever printed than those caricatures of philosophical writing, those dreadful metaphysics, that it inflicted on its patient readers, many of whom believed that they were really profound discussions, and almost brought on congestion of the brain in the vain effort to see a meaning in them, till Samuel Tyler, of the Maryland bar, pricked the bubble, and we have been less troubled since.

For this growing intellectual barrenness of Princeton there is a cause. Years ago, Dr. Hodge declared in the *Repertory* that he was the only man he knew of in the Presbyterian Church who believed every article of the Confession of Faith. Now when a man brings himself to the point of implicit faith in every point of a long-drawn theological creed, composed two centuries ago, he must practically receive and teach it as an infallible standard of truth. As every link in the logical chain is necessary to the completeness of the whole, he cannot admit the least variation. It is heresy. Neither can there be any progress in theology; for is not the system perfect? Hence we have Dr. Hodge's habit of referring every idea to the Confession of Faith, or to the writings of the Reformed Divines, whom he accepts as his teachers, receiving or rejecting everything which does not accord even in phrasecology with them. Stagnation of mind; cessation of living interest in the great theological problems of God's Word; a parrot-like repetition of the dead theological ideas of the past, without the making of them living by digestion and assimilation—this is the result, as witnessed in many of the Princeton pupils, especially in the favorites of the great professor.

Great arrogance and severity in the treatment of his equals who differ from him is another result of this state of mind in Dr. Hodge. The readers of the *Repertory* will be able to see this in his dealings with Dr. John W. Nevin, Prof. Park, Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Samuel J. Baird, and others. These were men who, by their eminent ability, learning, Christian character, and the deep religious earnestness of their writings, certainly merited that calm, cautious, charitable treatment of which they received the very opposite at the hands of the infallible editor.

The same spirit is manifested in the repression of every form of opinion different from his own in the *Repertory*. The late Rev. Mr. Clark, of Penn., once a frequent and able contributor to that Review, ceased to write for it because the editor altered an article of his on "Religion and Science," to make it teach precisely what its author did not intend to teach. The same spirit extends to the college authorities at Princeton. Pres. McLean and Prof. Atwater prevented, for a long time, the publication of Prof. Shields's inaugural address, because they did not like its philosophy; until Dr. Shields was driven to publish it in self-defense against accusations of heresy. Prof. Shields, once a favorite pupil of Dr. Hodge, and through his influence nominated for a professor's chair in the seminary, and then in the college, has ceased to write for the *Repertory*, and is now a contributor to the *New Englander*.

The same college authorities repressed for a long time the publication of the oration of Dr. Noah H. Schenck, of Brooklyn, before the literary societies of the college, because they smelt heresy in its philosophy.

The same spiritual pride and arrogance begets, as it did in the Pharisees of Christ's time, contempt of the people, and social pride. Princeton professors do not treat their students as entitled to any social respect or attention, unless they have some special claims. In bygone years, frequently, the students were personally unknown to the professors. A student of theology from a distant part of the land might be under their spiritual care and instruction for a whole course, and yet never have a personal interview with any but the professor to whom he must refer in some matters of business. For him there would be no word of counsel or advice, other than that received in public. There was absolutely nothing to lead him to think that the professors regarded him as a fellow Christian, in whom they had an affectionate interest, especially as he was committed to their care, to train him to be a teacher of other souls, a fellow ambassador for the Lord Jesus. This I know from my own experience in that seminary. In my time, there were no parties or social reunions given by the professors to the students as such. But I am told that now, at the end of the year, parties are given to the graduating class, at which not a single female appears, as though the men who are to be the ministers of the Presbyterian Church were unfit for even so transient intercourse with the families of the professors. I might speak of other things; but I think that enough has been said to show that, in this age of a revived Christianity, not theological spirit, some attention should be paid to the spirit and habitudes of those who have the care, in large part, of training up the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

"FOR MY SAKE."

BY EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.

O LORD, our lives are blank with constant losses,
Our feet are sore with pain,
Our hearts are weary with fast-coming crosses—
We struggle, nor attain.

We watch for coming sails that never whiten
The still, unyielding blue;
We look for light whose dawn shall never brighten
The mist-enshrouded view.

The grasp is loosened that we held so tightly,
The steps we timed with, fleet;
On marble stones our household names gleam whitely,
Graves thicken round our feet.

Thy white-walled city grows more dim and distant,
The eternal shore recedes,
The upward path we thought to climb persistent
Is blind with unchecked weeds.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

DISCIPLINE is a hard master, without grace; so is the divine law itself, unless the Divine Spirit go with it. Every precept is a tool for cutting and polishing. The law itself, with first and second table, is a huge shears, like the crushing implement in an iron foundry. It breaks up and chops in pieces human nature in its pretensions, in its Babels, its crimes, its actual character; and prepares it to be thrown into God's furnace of Divine Love, for remolding, recasting. Then and thus the principle and power of the law are thrown into the old rebellious melted stuff, converting it, so that it comes out a new creature in Christ Jesus.

It ceases to be the mere master, and becomes the life. When it stands within instead of over the heart, when it enters and inhabits by the Spirit, forthwith it makes all things new. I will put my law within their hearts, and will write it in their minds, and thenceforth there shall be no need for one to say to another, Know the Lord, for all will know him; and in him is life, and the life is the light of men, the true and only regenerating principle and power of human society.

For law is a living growth. It strikes down into new roots by new complications continually, and rises again with new fruits. It lays hold of all men's interests; and is like the master-power and genius of a loom—weaving all the circumstances, needs, junctures of each generation into cloth for the world's wear. When the divine law is written in men's hearts, then will the world be transfigured with a celestial beauty. It will be the New Jerusalem prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. Nothing is needed but the law in the heart.

Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Christ does with the heart what he did with the temple when he cleansed it. He cast out them that bought and sold. It is written that my house shall be a house of prayer. Every heart ought to be such; but, if not, you make it a den of thieves, a place of buying, selling, overreaching—a menagerie, not of doves for sacrifices, but of tigers, hyenas, anacondas. All games are going on there, all idolatries, all superstitions, all plots and conspiracies. The writing of the divine law in the heart puts a stop to all this, and prepares it for the indwelling of the Divine Spirit.

Instruction, information, is the beginning of the process. I have written unto him the great things of my law. I have offered them to him in the revelation of them, for his obedience and use. Will he accept of them? If so, he is not only informed of them, but by them. That is the meaning of the word *inform*, and the power of the divine process. I form within, set in due beauty, strength, and symmetry, according to divine reality and law. To communicate truth is supposed to be the formation of the mind according to it, the molding of the mind by what is put within it. Information is a process of construction, of inward building, or edification by the truth. Instruction in the truth is a building up of the soul by it and according to it. Speaking the truth in love, and receiving it in love, you may grow up in all things unto Him who reveals it.

I have informed him so and so. Telling him the truth, I have actually formed him within, by it and according to it. I have put within him that which is sure to be a law of life and growth, a law of living form, a law of form accordant with the truth. That is the normal, the spiritual, the magisterial idea of information. It is not the idea of a placard or notice set up outside the soul, for the man to gaze at or be warned by; but of a germinating, overmastering, living, reconstructing power within the soul—the life-inspiring, new-creating Word, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.

Inhabit is a similar word, carrying a greater depth of meaning by far than that of mere residence. It is to clothe within, to furnish the soul with its habitual dress, its spiritual habits. Thus an investment has come to be considered as so thoroughly and solidly a transfer of the reality that the form is in place of the reality. When a man is said to have invested in government stocks, it means not merely that he has clothed his property with government securities as a vesture, but the vest ure itself is his property. And thus an investment in so much spiritual truth is the adoption of that truth as the habit and life of the soul. It inhabits the soul, clothes it and furnishes it with vital realities.

But obedience to law may be the substitute of an external compulsion, instead of the institute of love. I will put my spirit within, and write my law upon. When those two things come together it is salvation, the Christian system and life. Then its revealed truths are indeed the institutes of the Christian religion; that is, its inward vital principles, those within which and by which it stands, and with which it constructs, builds up, edifies. *Insto*, I stand within. *Instituo*, I form within, set up within, found and build within.

Substitute, a make-shift adopted instead of the reality; a substitute of something, supplying its place when the reality cannot be obtained—substitute instead of substance. Something put in or under, instead of what should be standing in, but is wanting. *Insto*—I stand within; *substo*—I stand under; *substituo*—I set under, instead. For substitute does not mean to construct; but to supply the place of that which is wanting, or is not at hand, not attainable. It is ritualism instead of spiritual realities; the shadow and superstition put for the substance and the soul.

PENCILINGS AT SARATOGA.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

DR. STRONG'S INSTITUTE,
SARATOGA, Aug. 11th, 1868.

THE last three weeks I have been spending very pleasantly under the oaks and buckeyes of Ohio, in a farm-cottage. The soil on some of those river-bottoms, if you "tickle it with a hoe, laughs with a harvest"; and the farmers laugh too for gladness. Ohio is a granary full to bursting. While I was visiting in one of the large central towns of the state, I was most cordially invited to preach in the Episcopal church, by their accomplished rector, who is himself an Englishman. I cheerfully accepted the fraternal request; and, after the rector had read the liturgy, I gave my Gospel message to his flock, concluded with an extempore prayer, and then remained, at the rector's request, and united with them in commemorating the love of our one common SAVIOUR at the communion-table. A large number of Presbyterians were present, and the Episcopal congregation gained, by the act, a new hold on public esteem. Yet all this scene of intercommunion was permitted to take place simply because the bishop of the Episcopal denomination in Ohio is a Christian gentleman, and not a bat-eyed bigot.

From the center of Ohio I was whirled (over the "Pan-handle Railway) to the Atlantic in twenty-one and a half hours!—the most rapid traveling I have ever made in America. General Cass told me that he once took a week to go from Sandusky to Detroit! The ride from Harrisburgh to Easton is through the garden of the Atlantic seaboard. Prince Napoleon pronounced it the finest display of agricultural wealth he ever saw.

Saratoga we find full to the brim. The *horse-opera* is being performed this week on the race-course; and all that multitude, of high or low degree, who delight in gaming, have flocked hither to stake their greenbacks on the speed of a horse's legs and the *honesty* of the jockey who rides him. If any one has a doubt of the moral character of this popular sport, let him simply come and look at the class of people which it attracts to Saratoga. That tells the whole story. The tree is known by its fruits. Take away betting and the bottle, and the race-course would be deserted in an hour.

This morning I found the throng so great at the Congress Spring that it required no small muscular exercise to secure a tumbler of water. If a portion of that crowd would only walk up to the *Empire* Spring they could, with much less trouble, get an equally excellent draught; and at the *Star* Spring (close by the Empire) would find a sparkling water, which I regard as the most sure and thorough cathartic of any that Saratoga can furnish. It was only opened five years ago, but the water has attained already a wide celebrity. A man must have most incorrigible bowels, if they are not "moved within him" under the urgent persuasions of the *Star* waters. The High Rock Spring will bear to be bottled also, and holds its virtues admirably for years. My morning walk to the Star always insures me a clear head and keen appetite.

From all parts of the village the most conspicuous object is the French roof of the new *Congress Hall*, which, in spite of its hideous brick material, is really a magnificent structure. Just look at the following figures of this colossal establishment: cost, $600,000; length of whole building around its three sides, 850 feet; extent of dining-room, 300 feet; 25,000 pieces of crockery and 10,000 of glass-ware; and at the tables, *one day* of last week, sixteen hundred guests! Four ex-mayors of New York—including the immaculate Fernando Wood—are sojourning there. Mr. Hathorn manages the house admirably, and has, on the whole, a superior class of guests. It is said that the concern will clear $100,000 during the first season.

During my twenty years of Saratoga experience, I have never found more delightful quarters than at *Dr. Strong's Institute*, under the cool, quiet shade of Circular street. In the Winter the house is filled with invalids, under skillful treatment. In the Summer it is filled with an intelligent, refined class of boarders, numbering many college professors, clergymen, etc.; and yet quite enough of young people to get up lively "charades" and other entertainments in the drawing-room. Every evening the room is as crowded for family worship as the parlors of other hotels are for the dance. There are over one hundred guests at present; and, for so excellent a table, the prices are exceedingly moderate.

Governor Fenton—who wears the credit of having successively beaten the two most popular men whom the rum-power have yet nominated for the governorship—was yesterday at the "Clarendon." Last evening General Sickles was serenaded at the "Union"; and the one-legged hero, balancing himself on his crutches, delivered a speech as keen, and bright, and cutting as the sword he wore at Gettysburg. He truly said that the only state of peace worth securing was that condition under which the humblest Union soldier could build his cabin in South Carolina, and float the old starry flag from its roof-tree, and wear himself his old "*blue coat*" when he went out to his toils, and yet no one would dare to harm a hair of his loyal head. Such is the "peace" which General Grant would strive to insure and perpetuate. There are many Southerners here this season, and, in the main, their intercourse with their Northern countrymen is cordial. The "reconstruction" the South most needs is that which only can be secured by the *church*, the *school-house*, and the *plough*. It must be the highest duty of the next administration to secure a clear, peaceful field for them all. When that is done, Northern capital will make the plantations of Georgia and Alabama to blossom as the rose, and will evoke the music of the spindle on every mill-stream of "old Virginny."

Last Sabbath morning we heard a very rich and instructive discourse from Dr. Cheever, on the "*Soul's Need of Prayer*" (text, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee"). After all, this style of deep, experimental, Gospel-preaching is Dr. Cheever's *forte*. For, while his fiery philippics against the monster of slavery made but few Abolitionists, his superb "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress" have charmed and edified tens of thousands on both sides of the ocean. Why do not the Carters reprint that capital work? Professor Schaff, Dr. Spring, and Dr. Burchard are here; and Dr. Concklin, of New York, preached last Sunday in the Presbyterian church. One of the ablest discourses delivered this season was by Dr. Fisher, of Utica, on the "Historic Christ."

By the way, who manufactures all the *lies* for the press? He must be a Briareus. For a year past I have been amused by the ridiculous fib—floating about among the newspapers—that "Rev. T. L. C—— is much censured for being photographed, with uplifted hands, in the attitude of prayer"! To this silly lie a Chicago paper now adds the novel information that "Mr. C—— *confesses* that he did it to gratify the ladies of his charge." The "whole cloth" out of which such paltry falsehoods are manufactured must keep the Devil's spindles busy. But they would not pay for the making, were it not that so many of our respectable journals condescend to republish the most trifling and gossiping personalities. Mr. Beecher alone has furnished occasion for enough garbage of this sort to fill an octavo. But I must be off for my forenoon draught of "Columbian water."

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

MR. PARDEE replied to the question, Who shall teach? "Every man or woman who knows more than an ignorant child." The obligation is upon all. Those who have freely received must freely give.

—A missionary woman was accustomed always to make a list of her pupils, and keep it with her Bible. Day by day she spread that list before the Lord. When one became a Christian she placed a star before his name.

—The Massachusetts Sabbath-school Society—now termed "The Congregational Sabbath-school Publication Society"—have just come into possession of a legacy left ten years ago, by Edmund Parker, of Nashua, for establishing Sabbath-schools at the West.

—Kentucky State Sunday-school Convention, was held on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of July, at the beautiful city of Lexington. The cities of Louisville, Frankfort, Lexington, Covington, etc., were well represented by earnest, intelligent Sunday-school men and pastors; but this was not the case with the state generally. The convention was an interesting and profitable one.

—The Sunday-school is the cheapest and the most efficient of all missionary agencies for the propagation of the Gospel. It carries the Gospel to the young, who are not yet so fully absorbed in the cares of this world, and who are not so firmly entrenched in evil habits. Labor with the young, therefore, is in itself more hopeful. Besides this, a Sunday-school missionary, in going into a field, always has it in his power to call to his assistance scores and hundreds of voluntary fellow-laborers.

TEMPERANCE.

THE Temperance organizations of Essex County, Mass., will hold a mammoth mass meeting at Whipple's Grove, Ipswich, on Wednesday, 26th inst. Good speakers will be in attendance.

—In the Isle of Man a testimony in favor of Sunday closing of all drinking-places has been signed by 32 clergymen and 21 other ministers, not one refusing to sign. Also by 54 magistrates and other official persons.

—The committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, who are offering £100 and £50 for the two best Temperance tales, have resolved that the time for the delivery of MS. shall be extended to May 1st, 1869.

—At a ruri-diaconal meeting, held the other day at Llanfihangel-yn-Nhowyn, the subject for discussion, says a Welsh paper, was "Gweddi gynnulleidfaol." At the next meeting the following subject will be brought forward: "Ysgrythyroldeb sefydliad crefydd mewn gwlad."

—The *Medical Times* says: "The most delicious and sustaining beverage that can be drunk this weather is good strong tea cooled down with lumps of ice. It should be only slightly sweetened, without milk, and flavored with a few slices of lemon, which are infused at the time the tea is first made."

—The annual meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance has been fixed for Tuesday, October 13th. The meeting will be held in the Free-trade Hall, Manchester. This earlier date has been decided upon in order to keep as clear as possible of the general election, expected to take place early in November.

—A meeting of total abstainers has been held at the Alhambra Music Hall, Shoreditch, "to protest against the return of brewers, publicans, and licensing magistrates to Parliament at the next general election." Mr. J. W. Richardson, of the Temperance Hospital, took the chair, there being some hundreds of people present. The meeting having been addressed by several speakers, a resolution was unanimously carried pledging the meeting not to vote for any candidate in the interests of producing and selling intoxicating drinks.

TURKISH TEMPERANCE.—To the abstinence of this people from wine, the peculiar law of Mohammed, is perhaps to be attributed very much of their moral as well as physical health. The stream of intemperance, which would undermine the pure principles of conduct above adverted to, is thus totally arrested. The physical result of this law is strikingly manifest in the absence of cripples, and the general exemption of the Turks from illness; toothache being almost the only ill to which they are often subject.—*Sir Charles Fellowes's Travels.*

—At the Cleveland National Convention, the other day, the president, Hon. William E. Dodge, made the following statement concerning the Temperance orders:

"Until some eighteen months ago, I had never been connected with any secret organization. While staying at my country residence, it was told me that a talented young lawyer was near death, because of the delirium tremens. 'Our young men are going to ruin,' said my informant. 'If you will help us start a division of Sons of Temperance, we will try to save them.' I replied that I was in favor of saving the young men; and, if they would unite, I would join the movement. They did, and the young lawyer is apparently permanently reformed. The old societies had lost their power, and the so-called secret organizations have been a great blessing all over the land. But they are not secret in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Their proceedings are published, their objects avowed, the pass-words simply designed to protect them from imposition, and their vows not inconsistent with the strictest honor of religion. Much of the power of the liquor-dealers lies in combination. Here these orders can alone successfully cope with them."

—The late Dr. Marsh enlisted in the great temperance reformation from its very beginning. After having already printed two tracts on the subject, in 1839 he published the best known of all his writings, "Putnam and the Wolf," of which 150,000 copies were soon sold and circulated. It was originally delivered as an address at a meeting of the County Temperance Society, which he had mainly originated, and of which he was the secretary. The American Tract Society adopted it, and issued immense numbers. He aided in the organization of the Connecticut Temperance Society, and was its first secretary, issuing the first report in 1830, a document full of valuable matter. On leaving his pastorate at Haddam, in 1833, he removed to Philadelphia, where he was for three years agent of the Pennsylvania State Temperance Society, then in vigorous operation, mainly by the energy of Thomas Loyd. In 1836 the American Temperance Union was organized by a convention held at Saratoga, and Dr. Marsh became its secretary, first at Philadelphia, and after Jan. 1st, 1837, at New York. He was sole editor of the society's monthly *Journal*, and conducted it, and managed all the affairs of the Union, with such combined discretion and fidelity, vigor and impartiality, as kept the cause from many unfortunate collisions, and aided it through many dark passages, while steadily encouraging and diligently chronicling every forward movement, both in our own country and in foreign lands. Multitudes of readers of his journal know the unwearied diligence, the sound judgment, the earnest zeal, which marked the paper for nearly thirty years, through all the successive phases of public opinion on the great subject. His interesting volume of "Temperance Recollections," published in 1866, besides being the record of a worthy life, and a monument of the ripe and fruitful old age that could produce such a work at seventy-eight, contains a vast amount of useful information concerning the history of the Temperance movement, more than can be found elsewhere, and will remain to coming generations the most complete and authentic record of one of the most extraordinary moral phenomena known in history.

FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

THE Queen has sent £4 to the wife of the hammerman, in Chatham dockyard, who was recently delivered of four children.

—The Italian Parliament has just passed a bill according pensions to the widows and orphans of doctors who have died in attending choleraic patients.

—The House of Commons has passed a bill authorizing the post-office department to purchase all the telegraph lines in Great Britain, and manage them as a part of its postal system.

—In the course of a trial, counsel incidentally gave an easy rule for remembering and distinguishing railway signals:

"*White* for 'right,' *red* for 'wrong,'
And *green* for 'gently go along.'"

—The Marquis of Abercorn, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, is to be made a duke. The creation of a new dukedom is a very rare event, and the distinction thus conferred by Mr. Disraeli on the lord-lieutenant correspondingly great.

—The *Methodist Recorder* says that "at a recent Wesleyan bazaar, held in High Wycombe, England, the principal local curiosity was a drum used by the mayor of Wycombe, in 1777, to drum Mr. Wesley out of town, referred to in Mr. Wesley's Journal."

—The *London Review* calls for some check on the late hours which prevail in fashionable society. Could not Sir Richard Mayne issue a proclamation to the effect that all people who give dances must close their establishments at one or two o'clock?

—Somebody sends the following verse, written in one of the oldest languages of Western Europe, with a request that some reader would translate it:

"Er myn'd i lawr droedro, rhi pridd
Daw'r glyb i'r lan o'r bedd rhyw w dydd
Daw'r lin, fel gwilth o roth y wawr
Yn nydd y farn o lwch y llawr."

—A second sale of dogs captured by the police took place on Saturday week, at Cremorne. There were sixty-eight lots put up for sale, some of which were valuable. The prices were very low, the sale altogether realizing about £20, which goes to the home for lost and starving dogs, at Holloway.

—The Pontifical military almanac has just been distributed to the diplomatic body at Rome. In the Papal army there are 8 generals, 24 chaplains, and 704 officers, thus divided as to nationalities: 464 Italians, 129 French, 59 Swiss, 19 Germans, 20 Belgians, 9 Dutchmen, and 4 English.

—The *Athenæum* says that Her Majesty has generously consented to give up to the nation the great and valuable series of documents connected with the Duchy of Lancaster. These papers—the private property of the Crown—are of the highest interest for historical purposes.

—George Muller, the renowned founder of the Orphan Establishment, Bristol, has received and expended £552,000, every penny of which has been sent voluntarily and without solicitation. He has twelve hundred orphan children under his charge, occupying five large stone houses, each distinct from the others.

—The *Times*, remarking upon the Married Woman's Property Bill, says: "This is practically a poor woman's question, though theoretically it has a larger import; for undoubtedly anything which tends to raise the functions of women, and to call forth their judgment and their self-reliance by means of responsibility, must tend to the elevation of the community."

—A letter from Rome in the *Débats* states that the rupture of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the Austrian Government may now be considered complete. M. de Meysenburg has left, after placing in Cardinal Antonelli's hands the protest of Herr von Beust against the Papal Allocution of the 22d of June, which declares null and void the laws passed by the Austrian Parliament, and sanctioned by the Emperor.

—Baron Hausman claims that he has constructed during his reign of 15 years 85 miles of streets in Paris, 80 of which are shaded by 95,577 trees. Paris and the environs now cover 19,505 English acres. The French metropolis now consumes 350,000,000 quarts of water every 24 hours, and it will receive 100,000,000 quarts additional when the waters of the Vanne are conducted into the city and the new artesian wells are at work.

—Speaking in the French Legislative Assembly, on the 9th inst., M. Guerouit said: "And here let me point out the inferior position occupied by the Catholic countries. What are the nations which take the lead in the world? Prussia, Russia, England, America. I will not speak of France at this moment. Then see the countries which have remained Catholic: Spain, Italy until a recent period, South America, Ireland, and Poland."

—Of 58 peers who have died during the continuance of the present Parliament, the two oldest peers were the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Brougham, both of whom had completed their

Church of England for the communion of the Church of Rome. Educated at Oxford, and ordained two years.

Bounds, N., D.D., Meth., has been elected president of Willamette University, at Salem, Oregon.

Seys, John, D.D., Meth., commissioner and consul-general of the United States to the Republic of Liberia, arrived safe and well from the African coast.

Tullidge, Henry, Epis., late of Boston, Mass., has charge at present of the church built at Aspinwall by the railroad corporation.

Wilder, W. A., Cong., his wife and two children, have just arrived in this city from Natal, Africa. He is a missionary of the American Board, and went out in 1849 to the Zulu Mission.

The Children's Column.

THE DISCONTENTED MAY-FLOWER.

BY PATIENCE WAITE.

SPRING-TIME was coming. The birds knew all about it, and had a great deal to say on the subject, and were busy with house-hunting and moving. The earth-fairies were sure of it; they were hard at work night and day, underground, handing up buckets of sap to the thirsty bark of the trees and feeding the hungry roots with dainty morsels. The meadow-grass and a few early flowers had heard of it, and they stole softly forth, and looked up to heaven to see if it was true; and, as all who look upward for knowledge will surely learn the beautiful and precious truth, so the warm rain, the golden sunshine, and the sweet breath of soft winds were sent from heaven—the sure pledge that Spring was here indeed. Then the most delightful bustle and confusion reigned through woodland and meadow. There was such a rustling and fluttering as you have never heard, unless, perhaps, you have gone alone to the woods some day in early Spring, and, with your ear close to the ground, and your eyes half closed, have listened a long time, and *heard* the Spring come—heard the new leaves chatter and scold in their crowded buds and sigh for the time of release; heard the breathings of blessed old Mother Earth, her great heart panting and throbbing with life and strength for all; heard the tender leaflets shiver as a cold breeze passed over them, or softly laugh and rustle in the sunshine. Oh! the rarest music of the woodland's is not the song of birds or the chirp of crickets. There are many sweet, soft voices, which none but those who listen in patience of love can ever hear.

"Wake up, my sweet darling! Wake up, my pretty Mayflower!" said an earth-fairy, one bright morning, to a nice little root that had been sleeping for months. "Wake up, I say."

The little root only gave a groan, and turned over for another nap.

"Come! come! This won't do. You must not waste another minute in bed," cried the fairy, with great energy. She was a tiny creature—the earth-fairies all are; but they are great workers—they make the grain grow and the flowers, even the tallest trees in the forest. If you put a stick into the ground, it will not grow, because it has no root or mouth to eat with, and the fairies cannot feed it—that is why it dies.

But this little Mayflower did not speak or move. Then the fairy shook her till she was wide awake and very cross.

"Ugh!" she screamed, in pain. "You have almost killed me. My joints are so swollen and stiff. Ugh!"

"Are they?" cried the fairy, laughing and clapping her hands. "Are they? That's a sign you will have most beautiful dresses this Summer. Do get up immediately; I am impatient to see you."

"You disagreeable creature! How can you talk to me of getting up? I have not slept half long enough, and don't wish to be disturbed." So saying, she shut her eyes and cuddled her cheek down in the earth.

"You shall *not* go to sleep" cried the fairy, in very decided tones. "I'll stick pins and needles into you. I'll pinch and torment you till you rouse and go to work. You are a disgrace to your family. I've tended them for many generations, and there never were more cheerful and industrious people than the Mayflowers of Moss Ridge. Why, your great-grandmother was out long before the snow was off the ground, and one night the rain-drops actually froze in her eyes; but the pretty creature scorned to droop or complain. She stood up, looking like a stately little queen of a Mayflower; and every one admired her brave spirit."

"She was a foolish old thing!" said Mayflower, pettishly. "And I am not so silly as to hurry out, and get my eyes full of frozen tears."

"There is no danger of that. The season is warm, and every one is wondering why you do not appear. Yesterday a sweet little blue-bird came to seek you, and went away quite low-spirited."

Little May brightened up at this, though she said, quite scornfully: "Mr. Blue-bird is a great flirt, and talks love to every one." Then she added, with a little sigh: "I feel so oppressed, I can hardly breathe down here. I am sure a change of scene would help me; but I have nothing to wear. Oh dear!"

"Nothing to wear?" cried the fairy. "Why, where are your eyes? Here is the loveliest little green satin dress I have woven for you, and I will wrap it round you the minute you are out of bed."

"That is not half enough. If I go at all, I mean to stay all Summer—at a watering-place too. You have no idea of the dresses that are worn in polite circles. I wish I had a fashionable modiste, such as the Tulips, and Japonicas, and other cultivated families employ; then I might be stylish, and have some variety in my dress."

It is well that fairies have no hearts, and never love any one, for these ungrateful words would have grieved the little brown fairy sadly; but it was not possible for her to love or grieve. She only grew cross, and said sharply: "They could not do any more for you than I do. You belong to an obscure family, and ought not to envy court beauties. As for your wardrobe, I provide everything becoming to your station."

"Yes, one little green dress," interrupted Mayflower, in a sneering tone.

"That is all you need at present. It is not genteel to parade all your clothing the first day of arrival; and before you are fairly settled I will send more. I can make them fit, and furnish all you need, if I am old-fashioned." Here the fairy gave such a spiteful pinch that Mayflower sprang up into the air.

"Hullo! Glad to see you," cried a little tough Wintergreen.

"Welcome, fair stranger," sighed a Blade of Grass, waving and bowing with much grace. He was very young, but very tall and very green, and inclined to be sentimental.

"How do you do?" the Wintergreen went on, in a brusque manner.

"I'm very poorly, I assure you—not able to be out. I only came for my health. I think I am in a decline."

"Oh! you'll pick up—no doubt about it. I had misgivings about my health last Spring, when I was a youngster; but look at us now, ha! ha!" And he laughed and shook so hard that Mayflower trembled and bowed her head.

The sentimental Blade was much moved at her distress; and, bending low, said:

"Such a coarse fellow cannot understand our delicate organization; but," he added, tenderly, "I sympathize with you. We are kindred spirits."

"Have you had a pleasant Winter down there?" sung out Mr. Wintergreen, in a cheery voice. He was born on Yankee soil, and could not keep from asking questions, even though he received no answers. "It has been rather hard for me," he went on; "but I am toughened to it at last, and I have no more feeling now than a last year's bird-nest. I suppose you studied geology Winter evenings, didn't you? How is petroleum? I have been thinking if I could not strike oil and make a speculation myself; not petroleum, but something more in my line—oil of wintergreen. There is lots of it round my feet; it is coursing through my veins now as if I was a pump. If I had time to bore—"

"Oh! you have plenty of time to bore—time and ability both," interrupted Mayflower, in a scornful manner.

At this retort a shiver convulsed the tender Blade; and, as the full force of the pun dawned upon him, he seemed threatened with spasms. But a dewdrop and a breath of East wind that happened along just then restored his senses—a very slight service indeed.

"Well, I do declare!" said the Wintergreen, bristling up, while the round berries winked their eyes and looked quite red in the face. "Well, I do declare! We have lived neighbor to the Mayflowers time out of mind, and that is the first unkind word that has ever passed between us. We are a spicy family though. When we are bitten, we bite back; and I must say, Miss, that I think you a most spiritless, crabbed, and ill-tempered member of a naturally fine family. I have no polite way of saying this, and I am glad I have not."

So saying, he relapsed into silence, and probably went into the oil business.

After this there was very little conversation on Moss Ridge. The melancholy Blade sighed a little and waved a good deal. Mayflower fretted about the uncongenial society, and about her own poor spirits and low condition in life. A few family friends called on her, but they found her so ungracious that they never repeated the compliment. The little fairy under ground sent up to her numberless dresses, quite perfect in form, and texture, and color; but these did not put her in cheerful mood. Her dull appearance occasioned many remarks among the neighbors. Mrs. Violet, who lived near the Stump, felt very blue about it; and Miss Checkerberry, to whom she mentioned the subject, said very decidedly that "Some one ought to have a plain talk with her—it is a Christian duty; and, as I am the only one who can leave home, it is very clear *whose* duty it is."

"If you are going to Moss Ridge this season, you had better make haste; for you are a slow coach," said Lichen Gray, who lived on the Stump. And, as he was a paralytic, and had not moved an inch in ten years, of course he was a judge of speed. But Miss Checkerberry could creep over the ground in very good time when she was upheld by a sense of duty. She was soon within speaking distance, and began her home missionary effort with a sharp remonstrance.

"Good morning, Miss Mayflower. How do you do?"

"Very poorly, thank you."

"I should think you did. You look sallow and faded enough in that everlasting green."

"It is not everlasting. Although your's may be. You have worn it two seasons—perhaps half a dozen."

Miss Checkerberry's age was one of the secrets of the Evergreen family, and she never relished any allusions to it. So she answered:

"You are a very ungrateful and impertinent young miss, and do not deserve the interest I take in you. I have come all this distance to express my opinion, and to tell you how to cut over those homely green dresses into flowers. And I have done my duty by you." So saying, she turned round, and went home as slowly as she came, having done more harm than good.

"Blossoms indeed!" said Mayflower. "I shall make no effort to wear them. There is no one to see me—no one but that rough old Wintergreen, whom I detest; and Mr. Blade, who admires me sufficiently already; and those low-lived Moss Greens, who actually kiss the ground I stand on; and the stupid people at the Stump—that insipid Mrs. Blue Violet, and Miss Checkerberry and her set. I shall take no trouble to be pretty and agreeable to any of them. Ah! how happy must be the scarlet Tulips and great white Lilies, that bloom in the gardens, and are admired and sought for by all. But I am only a little pink Mayflower, hidden in the heart of the dim woods. Ah me!"

So this discontented Mayflower gladdened the earth with no bloom or fragrance. Day by day the yellow sunbeams came from afar and kissed her and coaxed her. Often the warm rain wept and pleaded; but all in vain. Children came to the woods, and sought carefully for the sweet pink flowers. Little hands wandered eagerly over the moss, and wistful eyes peered among the green leaves; but the children went away sorrowful.

Spring-time and Summer came and went at Moss Ridge, and when Autumn trailed her russet robes through the woods there stood the little Mayflower—yellow, and withered, and old. She gathered her mantle close round her, and shivered as the chill wind passed by, then drooped to the earth. She was dying.

No sense of duties cheerfully fulfilled gave her content, no memories of hearts gladdened by her fragrance and eyes lighted with the joy of her blossoms gilded her fading hours; she had no claim to be made immortal by being gathered into the experiences of any human and immortal soul, for she had never offered to any one flower or perfume. Better to have labored to develop the sweetness and beauty of her nature, as the fairy had begged her to, than to pass out of existence fruitless and forgotten.

WHEN TO SAY "NO."

No is a very little word;
In one short breath we say it.
Sometimes 'tis wrong, but often right;
So let me justly weigh it.
No I must say when asked to swear,
And No when asked to gamble;
No when strong drink I'm urged to share,
No to a Sunday's ramble.

No, though I'm tempted sore to lie
Or steal, and then conceal it;
And No to sin when darkness hides,
And I alone should feel it.
Whenever sinners would entice
My feet from paths of duty,
No, I'll unhesitating cry—
No, not for price or booty.

God watches how this little word
By every one is spoken,
And knows those children as His own
By this one simple token.
Who promptly utters No to wrong,
Says Yes to right as surely—
That child has entered Wisdom's ways,
And treads her path securely.

Selections.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past
There lived a man! and who was he?
Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown;
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone!

The joy, and grief, and hope, and fear
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man.

—*James Montgomery.*

THE FIRST PRINTING OF THE BIBLE.

THE intense interest which the publication of the Bible by printing in the sixteenth century excited, and the emotion it raised in the minds of those who read it, are matters of history. At this day, when Bibles are common in every household, it is perhaps difficult to appreciate the deep feelings of awe and reverence with which men for the first time perused the sacred volume. We have become so familiar with it that we are apt to look upon it merely as one amongst many books—as part of the current literature of the day, or as a record of ancient history, to be checked off by the arithmetician and analyzed by the critic.

It was far different in those early times when the Bible was rare and precious. Printing had brought forth the Book, which had lain so long silent in manuscript, beneath the dust of old libraries, and laid it before the people, to be read by them in their own tongue. It was known to be the very charter and title-deed of Christianity—the revelation of God's own will to man; and now to read it or hear it read was like meeting God face to face, and listening to his voice speaking directly to them.

At first it could only be read to the people; and in the English cathedrals, where single copies were placed chained to a niche, eager groups gathered round to drink in its living truths. But, as the art of printing improved, and copies of the Bible became multiplied in portable forms, it could then be taken home into the study or the chamber, and read and studied in secret. It was found to be an ever-fresh, gushing spring of thought, welling up, as it were, from the Infinite. No wonder that men pondered over it with reverence, and read it with thanksgiving; no wonder it moved their hearts, and imparted a bias to their whole life!

To the thoughtful, the perusal of the Bible gave new views of life and death; showed them man standing on the narrow isthmus of time which divides the eternity of the past from the eternity of the future—a weak, helpless, and sinful creature, yet the object of God's unceasing care. It made those who pondered its lessons more solemn, more earnest, and impressed them with a deeper sense of responsibility and duty. To the poor, the suffering, and the struggling it was the aurora of a new world. With this book in their hands, what to them were the afflictions of time, which were but for a moment, working out for them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

At first the supporters of the old church had been stunned by the sudden spread of the new views and the rapid increase of the Gospellers, as they were called; but they speedily rallied from their stupor. Rome, roused by her danger, availed herself of all methods for winning back her wandering children, by force if not by suasion. The Inquisition was armed with new powers; and wherever heresy appeared it was crushed, unsparingly, and pityingly. The printing and reading of the Bible, in both the original and modern tongues, especially alarmed the priests, and repeated prohibitions were issued against them in vain. Bibles and New Testaments were seized wherever found, and burned; but more Bibles and Testaments seemed to rise, as if by magic, from their ashes. The printers who were convicted of printing Bibles were next seized and burned; and, in order effectually to suppress the evil, the Sorbonne (the Faculty of Theology at Paris) obtained from the king, in 1535, an ordinance for the suppression of printing! But it was too late. The art of printing was now full-born, and could no more be suppressed than light, or air, or life; and, though *terrible persecutions* were again and again enacted wherever the Bible had penetrated and found followers, they did not produce their intended effect. Notwithstanding the wholesale burning of Bibles wherever found; notwithstanding the issuing by the Pope of the first *Index Expurgatorius*, containing a list of the books expressly prohibited by the church, and which included all Bibles printed in modern languages—in spite of all, the circulation of the Scriptures rapidly increased, and the principles of the Reformation more and more prevailed throughout all the northern nations of Europe.—*From Smiles's "Huguenots."*

AUSTERITY OF POETRY.

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sat with his bride to see a public show.

Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong—
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,

Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! Young, gay,
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

A RITUALIST WEDDING.

A BRIGHTON correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: "Wednesday, July 22d, was a notable day in that part of London which is situated upon the sea, and which was known to the ancients as Brighthelmstone. On that day the first wedding ever celebrated at St. Paul's, West street, took place. The ceremony (or, according to the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' the *sacrament*) was fixed, it was said, for half-past ten A. M.; but before half-past nine the church of St. Paul's was, if fishermen speak truth, filled and West street blockaded. Of course, on such an occasion priests were abundant; three at least are believed to have had a hand in making two into one. The service was as ritualistic as the most orthodox or heterodox Roman could desire; and the place of performance thereof was shifted in the most unexceptional manner from point to point, until the heathen must have been at their wit's end. The priests shifted their garments so as to satisfy the most exorbitant; from cope to alb, from alb to chasuble, from chasuble to dalmatic . . . The Holy Eucharist was received by the bride and bridegroom only, as reported—the other persons having, probably, come with the reverential intention of looking on. The 'altar was vested in white frontal,' and was ornamented with flowers, which of course were choice, and, equally of course, were arranged with all the grace exhibited by those who would fain be married toward those who were going to be. Lest anybody should fear that things were not alto-gether 'comfortable,' it should be mentioned that there were 'altar candles lighted during both sacraments.' A 'glorious wedding march' concluded the—business seems a very poor word under the circumstances, but is perhaps as appropriate as any other. The curious may be glad to know that at different periods there were sung, wholly or in part, Nos. 212, 213, 206, and 207 from 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' and No. 129 from the 'Hymnal Noted.' No doubt the whole performance was likely to impress very vividly upon the performers, to say nothing of the spectators, the serious (and long-enduring, not to say tedious) nature of what was undertaken; and a short notice of the affair may be either a warning or an encouragement (according to diversities of temperament) to those persons who, having High Church tendencies, are inclined to marry on three hundred a year. For it is to be presumed, in such a country as this, that you cannot get married in *that* manner for nothing."

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul longs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warldis care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and are be fain
In the land o' the leal.

—*Lady Catharine Nairne.*

PEBBLES.

A LOWELL and a Boston boot-black are going to "shine" for the state championship and $20.

A WESTERN editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says "that it is because there is so much *due* on it."

A MAN remarked, since the present mania for short dresses, and after a saunter on Washington street, that "Lowell had better look out for her laurels as the city of spindles."

SOME one has recalled the pat verse in the *New Gospel of Peace:* "And now of the Pahdees he was called Saymore, because he could say more and mane less than any other man livin'."

THE king and queen of Holland are known among their loving subjects as "the sun" and "the moon," because they are never seen together. There are many such heavenly bodies each revolving in its own orbit.

"DR. CHALMERS was wont to say, A *house-going* minister makes a *church-going* people; as the people are sure to acknowledge the courtesy of returning the minister's week-day visit by their Sabbath-day attendance."

EGG-SHELLS, empty, but unbroken, are used in pistol galleries as targets. The shell is placed on the water-jet of the fountain, where it dances fantastically as a swallow's flight. The utmost skill is required to hit it.

THE expenses of the Chinese Embassy, while in Washington, some 50 days, are estimated at about a thousand dollars a day. It is satisfactory to know that Uncle Sam does not foot this bill. The Embassy pays its own expenses.

THE last letter of Rev. Dr. Bellows to the *Liberal Christian*, describing the decay and desolation of Palestine, says: "Nature seems to say there is no room for anything in this sacred region but the memory of Him whose glory fills the earth."

UNION men traveling "down South," by carrying newspapers of the La Crosse *Democrat* style, have experienced no difficulty in making their way from state to state, the paper serving as a passport into the good graces of any rebel.

REV. J. D. KING, of Fall River, whose house has twice been entered and ransacked by thieves, publishes a card kindly informing the burglars that he never leaves anything in his house worth stealing, and advising them to desist from bootless raids upon it.

SPEAKING of swimming, a young gentleman says his head often swims, but he can't make his body swim. Perhaps, if he had more to do with the water, and less with something else that don't flow from the pump, he would have less trouble about it, and become a good swimmer.

THE Princess of Wales is again a mother. This time *it* is a daughter, born on the 7th of July. Considering that the Princess of Wales has been Princess of Wales only five years and four months, and yet is the mother of four children, there does not appear to be much ground for the story that the Prince of Wales neglects his wife.

ONE of the clergymen of Springfield, who is in the habit of adding "ah" to his sentence, recently spoke of those who "have been brought up on the Lord's side-ah." Another clergyman, who had the same habit, gave a solemn warning to the aged among his hearers, who had "one foot in the grave, and the other all but-ah."

REV. F. A. BLADES, in his account of the Rocky Mountain Excursion, tells a good story of a seven-year-old girl he met at Omaha, who, when he asked her how she liked Omaha, said, "Not so well as out West." "What do you call out West?" "O, at Denver and thereabouts." "But we call this out West, in Michigan." "I wouldn't go further East than this," said the young Westerness. Large country ours.

Commercial Notices.

THE WEED SEWING MACHINE is perfectly simple, works easily, is always ready to do good service, never fails, is clean, and will perform all kinds of family sewing in a beautiful and durable manner. No lady ever yet used it but esteemed it one of her most faithful and efficient friends. Office No. 630 Broadway.

MATHUSHEK'S COLIBRI PIANO.—This wonderful little piano is rapidly becoming the universal favorite of the people, as it ever has been of the profession. The demand is at present greatly in excess of the ability to supply. Yet purchasers are leaving their orders and taking their turn, rather than to buy *any other piano.*

Circulars sent free to any address. Liberal terms to dealers. BARLOW & MATHUSHEK, Wholesale and Retail Agents, 694 Broadway, N. Y.

WELL-DESERVED HONORS.—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has appointed Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON "Sewing-Machine Manufacturers to Her Royal Highness," the only honor of the kind ever conferred upon a sewing-machine house.—*Express.*

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients, and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their shirts, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble Blueing Bag. It never fails. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, and by PLYMOUTH COLOR CO., 106 and 108 Fulton st., N. Y.

OUR readers who have sons to clothe will be glad to learn that the famous BALDWIN the Clothier will open a large assortment of Boys' Clothing 1st September. *One price and cheap!*

CHAPPED hands, face, and all roughness of the skin certainly cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It surpasses all other remedies, as it will prevent roughness of the skin if used during cold weather. It is conveniently applied, avoiding all the troubles of the greasy compounds now in use. It can be used by ladies with the most tender skin, without irritation or pain, making it soft and clear. Sold by the druggists generally.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocers, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

THE MAN FOR THE OCCASION.—Washington was the man for his place; Jackson was the man to kill the monster bank; and James Pyle is the very man to beat all others in the manufacture of pure and wholesome Saleratus. His is the kind that does the business. Sold by grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name.

HOUSEKEEPERS SUPPLIED, and can pay by the week or month for Carpets, Oil-cloths, Furniture, Bedding, etc., at BENDALL & Co.'s Warehouses, 205, 207, 209, and 211 Hudson, corner Canal street.

THE greatest triumph of mechanics is the masking of three sewing-machines from one, which is done by substituting the Bruen M'f'g Co.'s new Cloth-plate for the old one on the Wheeler & Wilson machine. Price $10. Office 571 Broadway.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUG. 11, 1868.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.

Choice	@10¾
Extra	10¾@10¾
First quality	10¾@10¾
Second quality	10¼@10¾
Third quality	9½@10¼
Interior	9 @10
Average of all sales about	@10¾

COWS AND CALVES.

Choice	$85@100
Good	75@ 80
Fair	60@ 75
Common	40@ 45

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Extra Fine, ₩ lb.	6½@ 7
Choice	6 @6½
Good	5½@ 6
Fair	5 @5½
Common	4½@ 5
Extra Lambs	8 @8½
Good	7½@ 8
Common to Fair	7 @7½

VEAL CALVES.

Extra and Choice	11 @11½
Good	10½@11
Common	8 @9
Inferior	6½@ 7½

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	11 @11½	11½@12½
Corn-fed, common to fair	10½@10¾	13½@13¾

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

GOLD ranged at 145@149.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 7,500 pkgs. The market is without change from last week's rates. The receipts are for a considerable quantity of grass butter last year. Cheese Factories were less popular early, and many dairymen, stimulated by the high price, changed from Cheese to Butter. The terrible drought which shrunk up the whole Western country last year has been followed by a productive season; and there has been a good grass crop almost all over the country, and the late rains give promise of fine Fall feed. There is also a tendency among dairymen to hold back for the high price current last year; which may throw the weight of the make into the months, and carry out the market next Spring more as in '66 and '67 than in '67 and '68. However, we must remember that the future of values, to the ken of "plain people," is "nix." The greenback "Thimble-rig Era," inaugurated by Mr. Chase, and continued subject to the will of Mr. Secretary McCulloch, regulates these things. We quote:

Orange County dalls, per lb	@45
Fine State Yellow, half-grain tubs	@42
do. do. firkins	@43
Welsh tubs, in lots	@38
Ohio Butter, fine	@34
do. do. to good	@31
Western Butter, (as in quality)	@27
Grease, per lb	@15

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 65,885 boxes. The amount of business done has been very large, and prices very firm, with fractional advance. We quote:

Factory Cheese, fancy	16 @17¾
do. do. fair to good	14 @16
Private Dairies, fancy	15¾@16
do do. fair to good	12 @15

EGGS are very slow and dull of sale. Western Eggs arrive in very bad order, and some will scarcely pay freight. We quote for actual count for fresh Eggs:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz	27 @29
Western, per doz	26 @27
Freight Eggs	18 @22
Egg Oats, per bush	50 @75

LIVE POULTRY has been in very light supply all the week; and, with good demand, prices are steady. Turkeys are very scarce and wanted at our quotations. We quote:

Turkies, per lb	24 @ 25
Fowls, per lb	26 @ 24
Chicks, per pair	20 @ 24
Geese, Jersey, per pair	2 50 @3 75
do. Western, per pair	@1 75
Spring Chickens, per pair	75 @1 75

GAME.—There is nothing but a few Woodcock in market, which sell at 75@87 cts. per pair.

BEANS.—There is no change to note. The stock here is light, prices are high, and holders are more anxious to sell. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. qts	6 00@6 25
Mediums, "	5 75@6 00
Kidneys, "	6 10@6 50

BUCKWHEAT.—The demand is light, and prices are about the same as last week, with sales of Southern and Western at 40@41 cents.

TALLOW.—The market is firm and active at 12@12¾ cts.

DRIED FRUITS are very dull, and prices are nominal. We quote:

Apples, State, new	7 @ 8¾
do. do. old	7½@ 8
do. Ohio, new	8 @ 8½
do. do. old	5 @ 5
do. Southern	3 @ 6¼
Dried Peaches, new, pealed, good to prime	20 @22
do. do. fair to good	18 @19
do. do. do.	16 @18
do. do. unpeeled, halves	12 @13
do. do. quarters	9 @10
Cherries, pitted, per lb	25 @27
Blackberries, per lb	16 @17
Raspberries, per lb	20 @25
Plums, per lb	13 @20

SEEDS.—The market is very quiet. We quote:

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Pearls, 1st sort	@ —

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Sperm, ₩ lb	45 @ 47
Do. pl'd	45 @ 50
Do. No. 1 do	38 @ 40
Adam'ine City	22 @ 23
Adam's, State	20 @ —

COAL—DUTY: 40c. ₩ ton.

Liverpool	@ 7 50
Lehigh	@ —

COFFEE—DUTY: 5c. ₩ lb.

Java, W. I. & Mocha	31¼ @ 34½
Jamaica	18½ @ 18½
Laguayra	15 @ 16½
Maracaibo	15 @ 15½
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American Ingots	30¾ @ 34½

Estate's new.

Galley ₩ lb	@ —
Sheathing, old	28 @ —
Sheath'g, yell	26 @ —
Pig, Chile	22 @ —
Bolts	32 @ —

DRUGS AND DYES.

Alcohol	@ —
Aloes, S. S	31 @ —
Aloes, Trinc	25 @ 35
Alum	3½@ 3¾
Anti'ny, crud	11¾@ —
Arrols.ref. old	21½@ 24
Arsenic, pow'r'd	3 @ —
Assafœtida	35 @ 40
Balsam Capivi	35 @ —
Balsam Tolu	1 50 @ —
Balsam Peru	@ 3 50
Berries, Pern, gd	27 @ 31
Berries Burk	@ —
Bi-carb. Soda, ₩	@ 4½
Borax, refined	34½@ 44½
Brimstone, roll	@ —
Brimstone, flor	@ 5½
Brim'e, ₩ ltn, gd	60@ —
Camph'r'd Bichl.	@ —
Camphor, ref.	1 10 @ —
Cantharides	@ —
Car. Ammonia	17 @ —
Cardamoms	@ 3 25
Castor Oil	@ 33
Chamomiles	15 @ 50
Cl'orate Pot. ash, gold	@ 34
Cochineal, fin gr	@ 93
Coch. Mex. gold	@ 75
Copperas, Am	@ 1¾
Cream Tar, gd	@ 30
Cubeba, E. I	@ 33
Cutch	15½@ 16
Epsom Salts	3½@ 4
Gambooge	1 75 @ 2 00
Gum Arabic, firsts	@ —
Do. Arabic, seconds	31 @ 33
Do. Arabic, sorts	@ —
Gum Benzoin	@ 75
Gum Benzoin	80 @ 85
Gum Myrrh, E. I	@ —
Gum Myrrh, Turkey	@ —
Gum Opium	@ 5 50
Gum Tragacanth	@ 55
Gum Trag., flake	45 @ 60
Gum Trag., (gd)	@ 1 00
Hyd. Pota. Eng	@ —
Hyd. Pot. Bohem	3 70 @ 3 80
Ipecacuanha	@ —
Indigo, Bengal	3 00 @ 3 75
Jalap, (gd)	1 80 @ 1 90
Lac Dye	25 @ 55
Licorice	24 @ 40
Madder, Dutch gold	12½@ 13
Madder, French gold	15 @ —
Manna, small	@ —
Manna, large flake	95 @ —
Nutgalls, E. I	170 @ 175
Nutgalls, Turkey	55 @ —
Oil Cassia	@ 87½
Oil Lemon	4 00 @ 4 50
Oil Peppermint	@ 6 50
Oil Orange	@ —
Opium, Turkey	8 00 @ —
Oxalic Acid	33 @ —
Phosphorus	22 @ 25
Prus. Potass	33½@ 37½
Quicksilver	76 @ 77
Rhubarb, China	2 25 @ 2 50
Saleratus, cask	3½ @ —
Sal Ammoniac	7 @ 8½
Sal Soda, gold, 1	62½@ 1 65
Sarsa'lla, Hon	@ —
In bd. gd	25 @ 30
Sarsa'lla, Mex	@ —
In bd. gd	14 @ —
Senna, E. I	20 @ —
Senna, Alex	28 @ —
Shellac	37½@ 38
So

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1868.

THE FALLEN OAK.

It is hard to pen in a few words as much as our heart prompts us to say of Thaddeus Stevens—now at last in his tomb. Any other President than Andrew Johnson would have announced his death in an official bulletin—as Abraham Lincoln announced Edward Everett's. But the grand old Roman needs no tribute from the Punic traitor of the White House. Nay, a President who could step down to a drunken mob and ask them to hang Thaddeus Stevens had no right to intrude a chaplet upon the dead statesman's bier. White flowers were strewn upon the coffin-lid by black hands: and this was greater honor. Henceforth, like a dew, the blessings of the lowly shall keep green his grave.

> "And Freedom shall awhile repair
> To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Called "The Great Commoner," like the elder Pitt, Mr. Stevens was like his prototype in imperious parliamentary sway; like him in eagle-like quickness and ferocity of attack; like him in power of blistering sarcasm; like him in the almost preternatural scorn and contempt which he could express by his countenance and forefinger; like him in arrowy directness of argument; like him in whiteness of unspotted honesty; like him in that self-abnegation which substituted for personal interest a passionate pride of country; and like him, above all things else, in illustrious devotion to liberty.

Of course, we are far from saying that Thaddeus Stevens was gifted with that majestic eloquence which, if tradition be true, made Lord Chatham the Demosthenes of modern times. But it must be remembered that Mr. Stevens rose from a local into a national reputation, not by efforts made in the prime, but in the decline, of life. Not sent to Congress till he was already a veteran, he received during his first term his familiar nickname of "Old Thad." His best battles had been fought and won long before the nation saw him lift a spear in Washington. In his ashes lived his wonted fires, but the earlier blaze was brighter than the later embers. If, during his whole career, instead of during a mere fragment of it, he had been an actor on the national stage; if, like Palmerston, he had been a life-long gladiator in his country's chief arena; his colossal abilities would have achieved for him a colossal reputation. At the death of Coleridge, it was said that "a great man had died, leaving behind him no adequate memorial of his greatness." Of Mr. Stevens it must be said that he leaves behind him no speeches, or measures, or achievements (great as some of them are) which afford an adequate measure of his extraordinary powers. "I shall soon die," said he to us recently, "and shall then be soon forgotten." Such a man can never entirely be forgotten. But there are some statesmen—as, for instance, Burke and Jefferson—who live more vividly after death than before; whose names grow more and more authoritative, and whose influence more and more potent; but Thaddeus Stevens does not belong to this immortal class.

The supreme hour of his life occurred a third of a century ago, in April, 1835, when, with a single speech, spoken with a fiery vehemence which melted all opposition, he conquered the hostile majority of a Pennsylvania legislature which had been elected on the express issue of repealing taxation for the support of schools—actually persuading his political opponents to violate the instructions which they had received from their own constituents—establishing forever the cause of popular education in that state—and earning for himself that proudest of all his titles, "The Father of the Pennsylvania Common Schools." We have recently read this most famous of his speeches. Certainly, as it stands in the coldness of the printed page, although it is strong and unanswerable, and although in parts it is nobly eloquent, yet, on the whole, it is not a masterpiece of composition. But the true test of a speech is not its style, but its effect. Thus judged, this was one of the greatest speeches ever uttered by American lips. A writer in the Washington *Chronicle* (whom we take to be Col. Forney) was present on the occasion, and thus describes the orator's great victory: "Never," says he, "will the writer of these lines forget the effect of that surpassing effort. . . . All the barriers of prejudice broke down before it. It reached men's hearts like the voice of inspiration. Those who were most ready to take the life of Thaddeus Stevens a few weeks before were instantly converted into his admirers and friends. During its delivery in the hall of the House, at Harrisburgh, the scene was one of dramatic interest and intensity. Thaddeus Stevens was then forty-three years of age, and in the prime of life; and his classic countenance, noble voice, and cultivated style, added to the fact that he was speaking the hollest truths and for the noblest of all human causes, created such a feeling among his fellow-members that, for once at least, our state legislators rose above all selfish feelings, and responded to the instincts of a higher nature. The motion to repeal the law failed, and a number of votes pledged to sustain it were changed upon the spot, and what seemed to be an inevitable defeat was transformed into a crowning victory for the friends of common schools."

Mr. Stevens always felt that he never afterward rose to the hight of that one illustrious occasion. In Congress, after winning the leadership of his party, he might perhaps have achieved similar feats, except for a diminution of that physical energy which is needful to invigorate the mind. During the war, Mr. Stevens had a working allowance of health; but during the reconstruction, if well on one day, he was sick the next. One morning when he was expecting to speak on one of his reconstruction bills, he said to us: "I shall try to stir that sluggish House to-day; but you see how shattered I am!" and then, rising like an old lion from his lair, he suddenly exclaimed: "But if I were something else than a rack of bones—yes, sir, if I were only as young as you—I could settle this business of reconstruction in the one and only way that God Almighty [illegible]." The old man, [illegible] remembering what [illegible] done with his younger strength, grew more and more dissatisfied with his best efforts in Congress. When some admiring newspapers would speak of him as "the leader of the House," he would bitterly smile—sometimes in scorn of his cowardly followers, and sometimes in contempt of his enfeebled self.

Courage, indomitable courage—the American statesman's "lost art"—was this man's crowning virtue. He had enough iron in his single will to stiffen the "wood, hay, and stubble" of a whole Congress of runaways. How dauntlessly he defied the opinions both of foes and friends! When did he ever hesitate to speak his mind openly? Who ever knew him to equivocate? What Republican or Democrat ever reproached him, saying: "Sir, you cheated me!" Intrigue had no lodgment in his lordly nature. Compromise he scorned. Honesty was his policy; and, like Benjamin Franklin in Paris, he accomplished more by blunt directness than others could by artful diplomacy. Open and not covert attack was his method; and, like Alexander at Arbela, he disdained to win a victory in the dark. Whoever else was plotting in a corner, whoever else was lobbying in a committee-room, whoever else was bargaining with the White House, Thaddeus Stevens, with cleaner hands, was performing all his acts "before all Israel and the sun."

Hopelessness—a half despair—was the prevailing mood of his mind. How early in life the steel-spring was broken we do not know. Certain it is that, during his declining years, he seldom looked on the bright side of affairs. But perhaps this was from an old man's natural dimness of eye—not from any original defect of constitution. It was always touching to talk seriously with him, and to find how little expectation he entertained that his cherished measures could be carried. "No," he would say, "the bill will be voted down: there is not virtue enough in the House to pass it." He thought the Republican majority in Congress destitute of nerve. "These men are made of pulp," he said. He was no flatterer of his parliamentary peers—no rose-colorist of the political situation—no eulogist of human nature. Often have we known him to bow down his head like a bulrush, and, distrusting measures and men alike, to utter his despair of the Republic.

Wit is a statesman's sword of victory: he who can wield it is a conqueror even in defeat. Thaddeus Stevens always carried this weapon at his side—a Damascus blade that could cut a hair or split a helmet. His jests were coarse or fine, polite or vulgar, according to the company and the occasion. His best repartees were jewels of the first water. A book of them—but they have never been preserved—would send him down to the next generation to be "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits." Bitter as John Randolph, and cruel as Tristam Burgess, Mr. Stevens, unlike either of these serpent-tongued men, never felt more than a momentary malice. He harbored no unkindness to any human being. In fact, we happen to know that he had not a particle of ill-will even toward Andrew Johnson. To the credit of human nature what more can be said?

His private life was not a good example. His habits included the offenses common with many English statesmen of quarter of a century ago, and too common with some American statesmen of to-day. We do not believe in lying—least of all in the solemn presence of death and the grave. A living man's vices cannot become a dead man's virtues. During his life, Thaddeus Stevens was no saint; nor, after his death, ought he to receive canonization. Sister Loretta's baptismal drops on his brow did not wash away any soilure from his character. Writing of him here as his faithful friend, we know that, could he now so frame these words of ours as best to suit his own wishes, he would command us to paint him truthfully as he was, and would forbid us to omit the necessary shadow of the picture. But we have noticed, as an occasional phenomenon in morals, that public spirit sometimes becomes all the more a passion with men who have lost something of private virtue—as if human nature, having stained itself on one side, sought all the more bravely to keep itself bright on another. To all who knew Thaddeus Stevens beneath the surface, it was plain that, having many years ago parted with a proper pride in his personal character, he sought to make perpetual atonement to his higher nature by a substituted platonic fidelity to his country's honor; and so this old man loved the Republic as purely as Florizel loved Perdita. But the few men whose private errors may thus become public benefits, and who can say with Luther, "I thank God for my sins," are none the less to be condemned for those very failings which thus "lean to virtue's side." Nevertheless, there is one beautiful spiritual compensation to such men—for, hidden within their breasts, are solemn sorrows, or what Wordsworth calls "majestic pains," by which their characters become purified as by refining fires. Such inward processes as these long ago made Thaddeus Stevens a better Christian than many a Copperhead clergyman who will take occasion of his death to sneer at his life.

Not many months ago, on learning that the cemetery in Lancaster in which he expected his ashes to repose would not admit the bodies of negroes to burial, he indignantly sold his lot, and purchased one in another ground, where, in the consecrated dust of God's acre, all men might be equal:—and so, even in his grave, we may still salute him as "The Great Commoner." Brave soul!—champion of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—hail and farewell!

SOCIAL SCIENCE AT THE WEST.

When Robert Owen thought to found his social castle, "The New Moral World," he sought the Mississippi Valley as the most eligible place for his experiment. The new system was a bubble thin enough to vanish as soon as blown. But, along with many baseless visions, Robert Owen had also practical business wisdom; and he certainly showed something of this practical sense in seeking the West for a social experiment. Laborers in the field of social reform have difficulties enough in a country like England, where abuses are venerable; where social outrages were gowns and bands, ermine and wigs; where public wrong has taken shelter behind "vested rights." And, if it be true that "Europe stretches to the Alleghanies," then in this country the most hopeful place for social reform is the fertile valley of the Great River, where society has all the promise and all the awkward uncouthness of an overgrown youth—a youth, albeit, of vast power not yet developed.

That there are laws governing society, that it grows upon principles that are to some extent fixed, is as true as that there is also an element of personal freedom, a something that cannot be accurately forecast. Where is there so good a place to observe these laws, where can we so well collect facts bearing upon the subtle principles of social development, as in the West, where the great converging currents of diverse nationalities are yet sucking and whirling in indeterminate eddies? The elements are in effervescing confusion. Who shall watch and record the method and detect the secret of their crystallization?

For some time active philanthropists and students of social science have been agitating the formation of an association of this kind at the West; and we are glad to learn that there will soon be issued a call for a meeting, to be held at Chicago, November 10th, 1868. With the amount of practical and thoughtful ability in the Western States, such an association ought to yield the most valuable results to the students of the science at large. But there are other and, to our minds, more forcible reasons for the formation of such an organization at this time. The very unformed and plastic state of society in these growing communities renders it doubly important that the principles of its development shall be understood, that remedies for its evils shall be known and applied. The Mississippi Valley will soon hold the great mass of the population of the country. In no section is it more important that an enlightened public sentiment should be fostered; and so we bid a hearty God-speed to the movement that is to be inaugurated in Chicago, November 10th, 1868.

WESTWARD HO!

In his famous speech on the erection of the Orleans Territory into a state, not quite sixty years since, Josiah Quincy exclaimed, with emphatic amazement: "The gentleman from that territory (the Mississippi) spoke the other day of the Mississippi as of *a high-road*—good heavens, between what, Mr. Speaker? Why, *the Eastern and Western States!*" If we could carry ourselves back in imagination to that time when Illinois, and Indiana, and Michigan, and Missouri were not, and when one-half of Ohio was Indian hunting-grounds, we should understand how preposterous the boast of Poindexter must have appeared to Quincy. The first, undoubtedly, "builded better than he knew," and only indulged in the spirit of braggadocio which has always been normal to his region; or, if he had any idea that his prophecy would ever come to pass, he undoubtedly referred its fulfillment to a distance of centuries. But the latter actually lived to see the brag an accomplished fact, and Cincinnati and Chicago—the former at that time a mere village, and the latter for twenty years longer a village of Indian wigwams—only the eastern frontier towns of the Great West.

No one could have rationally then foreseen this growth of the country toward sunset, because they lacked the two necessary elements of judicious foresight—steam and railways. The Star of Empire had taken its way Westward even then; but the pioneers of the army, pressing on under its influences, had difficulties to encounter which made their march slow indeed, compared with the rush of to-day. The fever of emigration is at once endemic and epidemic. It is generated in places where population is thickly crowded; yet it spreads by contagion from man to man. It is to this impulsive principle that we owe the settlement and the growth of our country. It is only a natural and healthy impulse that urges the hardy pioneer to carve out for himself and his children a new home in the wilderness with ax and plow. There can be no excess of emigration of this kind. It is twice blessed. It blesses those that go and those that stay. It is only transferring industry and skill from one field of the common homestead to another; and the results can be only good to those remaining in the rear as well as to those who have pushed forward to the van. The tide of population flows as naturally toward the West as the tide of the ocean toward the shore, and can no more be stayed, though the hand of man may in some measure give direction to its waves. The Pacific Railway, that is striding so gigantically across the continent, is only to do on a great scale what the turnpike-roads, and townways, and baggage-wagons did on a small one, fifty years ago.

This natural and wholesome determination of the vital current of the land from the older to the newer regions we were wrong in calling a fever. It becomes a fever when its natural heat and velocity has been raised to a morbid point. The thirst for land, as the ground of labor and production, is not feverous, but normal. It becomes so when the boon earth is sought not as something to use but as something to sell. When men carry their capital into the land-market for the purpose of forestalling it and raising the price of the article, the operation partakes of all the incidents of gambling. This has its incidental advantages, no doubt; but they are more often on the side of the settler, in the long run, than of the speculator. Great prizes have been drawn, unquestionably, in this lottery, as in others; but, in the final adjustment, we imagine the balance of loss will be found on the side of the adventurers. We well remember how, in 1836, it was mathematically demonstrated that it was impossible to lose upon land bought at $1 25 an acre. The essential element of the calculation was overlooked—whether there were people enough wanting it at any price. At last the earth-bubble broke, and with it broke thousands of speculators.

The fallacy that underlies gambling in land, and the mischief that follows it, lies in the belief that the order of Nature can be reversed. The man who thanked Divine Providence for always causing great rivers to flow by great cities was wise in his generation, compared to him who expects to build up a great city without a back-country behind it. Men think to grow rich, not by golden harvests conjured out of the soil, but by the sale of corner-lots in cities—to be prepared for the sale of those harvests and the supply of their producers, before they are sown. A city cannot exist excepting as the center of an agricultural or manufacturing country. When the agriculture and the manufactures grow up, the city will follow as a matter of course. The emigrant who puts his capital and labor into land, and covers it with harvests, is sure of success. He who depends on the rise of his land in the market takes his chance, with all other gamblers. For cards and dice are not more implements of gambling than corner-lots; and there is not more cheating done with them. Industry applied to the soil, and to the working-up of its productions, is the first condition of the growth and prosperity of any country. This is sure of its reward. The capital which speculation has put into railways, and warehouses, and wharves, in the hope of sudden wealth, is not, indeed, thrown away, and will produce wealth to that region and the country at large. But whether the original undertakers will find the bread they cast on those waters return to themselves, even after many days, is a question which all tempted to risk their estates or themselves in these ventures will do well seriously to consider.

THE UNFOLDING PROMISE.

It is a remarkable feature of the method of our spiritual training that we are led upward by a promise that is never wholly fulfilled. We journey under the guidance of a star that never rests. Childhood is lured on by the romantic promise of freedom in youth. An illusion, like a mirage, gathers about the ideas of independence and self-government, but it travels forward as fast as ourselves. Youth brings still larger expectations, and descries in the dim distance more marvelous prospects. But, arrived at the summit of manhood, we still fondly dream that the sunset of life in the quiet vale of age shall be unclouded by care and radiant with the promise of perpetual peace. So we educate our children by pictures of the best masters, which suggest more than they can appropriate. The artist sits for hours daily before the work of sovereign genius, that he may become imbued with its spirit and be lifted to its elevation. The naturalist is led along the labyrinths of Nature by the unwinding thread of science, and from his cabinet of gems he can hear her say, "I have yet many things to say unto you; but ye cannot hear them now."

The Bible opens with a Paradise of natural beauty. The first ideas of Heaven are those of innocent delight in Nature. As the conceptions of happiness become more complex, the figures of a city and a kingdom are employed to satisfy the larger expectations. To crown the whole, the vision of Patmos reveals a blended paradise and kingdom. The throne of God is in the garden; and the divine glory floods the human, bathing even the earth in immortal loveliness.

The race has been beckoned onward by an unrolling promise from the beginning. Eve looked for the Messiah in her first boy. Each successive covenant with the patriarchs was a convoluted gospel. The eye was trained to descry the Deliverer, as land is espied from the masthead. An advancing millennium has kept up the spirits of the church and guided her forward. An Antonine, a Louis the Gentle, an Alfred, has wakened hope in the darkest ages. Men thought at the end of the tenth century that the old serpent was to be cast into the bottomless pit. Expectation roused the hopes and fears of all classes. Crowds of people slept at night in the shadow of the churches, to be ready for the Appearing. Rich men manumitted their slaves, and gave their property for charitable purposes. The pulpits rang with the theme. Peace was everywhere proclaimed. The expected day came. The year one thousand and one glided out as peacefully as it had been ushered in, and the great Vindicator did not come. But the elevation of woman, the rise of chivalry, the beginnings of civil freedom, the awakening of honest doubt in the bosom of the church, was the true appearing. So every advance in truth and freedom is a promise of his coming. Revolutions, reformations, discoveries, and discussions have lighted the march of man toward the "golden age."

It was the vision of Hesperides before the eyes of the Spanish voyagers that gave zest to their adventures, and a new continent to the world. It is under the inspiration of unfolding promise that we push outward the boundaries of science, and penetrate the arcana of Nature. The revelation within, as Tholuck says, is awakened by the revelation without; and new truths, like new stars, are ever appearing above our horizon. The words of Christ are like the nebulæ, which develop most richly to the most powerful lens of faith. On the arc of every Christian doctrine whose extremities are lost in mystery we can read, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter." The cross reflects itself in the depths of loving hearts, and reveals most glory to the most humble; and the angels bend from above to fathom the mystery with the growing wonder of explorers.

The faculty of faith grows by what it feeds upon. The sap of one year becomes the bark of the next. New layers of character are imperceptibly added. It is in this way faith adds to itself virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowlege temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. The old views and experiences are outgrown and sloughed off, and we pass onward to higher spiritual stages. The voice of promise to us is:

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll;
> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

THE BALL AND CHAIN.

A few days ago, a very tragical occurrence was reported in the daily papers. One of our country's gallant defenders, a soldier belonging to the corps in garrison at Fort Hamilton, was drowned while bathing at the Narrows. The unfortunate man, it seems, was sent into the water with a heavy ball and chain attached to one of his legs; and, getting beyond his depth, he was so firmly anchored that he could not rise, and so was drowned in the sight of his comrades, who, being similarly manacled, were unable to render him any assistance, while the sentry, making his round near by, could not assist him, as it would have been a violation of duty, punishable with death, perhaps, to leave his post and his musket. So the life of the unhappy soldier was sacrificed to the spirit of military etiquette. Several communications have since been published in the daily papers, exonerating the commandant of the Fort, Gen. Vogdes, from all blame in the matter; and it seems to be agreed on all hands that nobody was to blame but the dead soldier, who ought to have exercised a greater degree of caution and kept in shallow water.

Unsophisticated citizens, however, who do not happen to be indurated by an army education, will naturally ask why a gallant soldier should wear such a degrading appendage to his leg as a ball and chain; and why, if that happens to be a part of the regulation uniform, it should not be removed when he went into the water to bathe? But the explanation is full of embarrassments.

The ball and chain was put on partly as a punishment for the crime of desertion, and partly to prevent him from attempting to repeat the crime. One naturally inquires, next, how it happens that, while any other employé of the United States, from the general of the army down to the humblest custom-house clerk, may resign his place whenever he may think proper to do so, the enlisted soldier is denied the privilege, and punished if he attempts to exercise it, by the most degrading torture known among civilized nations. A few years ago it was a very common sight in some of our Southern cities to see gangs of criminals, with the ball and chain, engaged in sweeping the streets. They were mostly burglars and murderers; and the punishment inflicted upon them was so revolting to the feelings of humane men that, except in some of the Spanish American towns, it has been discontinued. But it is still inflicted upon the soldiers of our army, it seems, who are guilty of the crime of wishing to leave the service. A graduate of West Point, who, after having been educated, clothed, and fed at the public expense, and commissioned as an officer, may desert the army whenever he wishes to do so, and no penalty whatever attaches to the act. He may, as we have seen, even rob the service, not only of himself, but of the property entrusted to his charge; he may pull down the flag he swore to protect, and fire upon his former companions: and be forgiven for it, and embraced by his betrayed associates, as might have been recently seen at Tammany Hall. But a common soldier, serving in the ranks, must submit to the degradation of wearing a ball and chain, if he dares to think of leaving the army an hour before his time of service comes to an end.

If the ball and chain is necessary in our army to keep soldiers from deserting—and we presume it is—it is about time that a congressional committee were appointed to examine into the matter and report a remedy. They will not have to examine far, however, before they discover that the rank and file of our army is composed mainly of the very scum of our foreign population; that they are desperadoes of the lowest class, mostly aliens; and that a respectable American citizen would no more think of volunteering for what is called the regular service than he would volunteer for the penitentiary, for the reason that the uniform of the United States, except when worn by a commissioned officer—either of the army or navy—is everywhere regarded as a badge of disgrace. And the reason of it is that the wearer is known to be a subject of the ball and chain, and that he belongs to a service which denies promotion for meritorious conduct. A convict in the state-prison might as reasonably hope to become governor of the state as an enlisted soldier in our army strive to gain promotion by deserving it. But why should this anomalous condition of affairs exist in our military service? A soldier in the ranks of the French army may hope to become a marshal; but all hope is denied to the soldiers in our own army. In the Imperial army there is an *esprit de corps* which renders it the most effective military service in the world, and the most economical; while in our military service there is nothing like an *esprit de corps*, and it is the most costly.

We are not so sanguine as to expect any immediate reformation of the abuses of our military system while members of Congress enjoy the aristocratic privilege of appointing cadets to West Point and Annapolis; but it will be a very grave mistake if the recent case of the drowning of a manacled soldier at the Narrows do not lead to some congressional action which shall cause the abolition of that barbarous method of punishment for military offenses.

SALESLADIES.

"Wanted in a retail store, a saleslady."—*Ex. Paper.*

Some people prefer the word *woman*, others the word *lady*. But, so long as anybody is to be called a lady, we like to hear of "saleslades." There is a great deal of American life in that new word.

It is a sample of that yearning which Americans feel to throw refinement and dignity over all avocations. There is a great deal in a name. Those who have heard from English lips the phrase "young person," in its disdainful application to all girls who earn their own living, can understand what a difference it makes when, instead of "saleswomen," we say "saleslades."

If any great social result is involved in our institutions, it is this, that henceforward the word "lady" is to describe a personal quality, not a social position. Ask any Englishman what he means by a "gentleman," and he will tell you that he means a man of good family and of independent property. Ask an American, and he will tell you, in the majority of cases, that he means a man of good manners and good education. We stand by the American definition. From such a habit of mind the word "saleslady" is a natural consequence.

As time goes on, all phrases of honor become gradually universal. The title *Mr.* was originally given only to those who had received the college degree of Master of Arts. The title *Esquire* originally belonged to magistrates only. Now everybody is Mr., nearly everybody Esquire, while the phrase *Goodman*, given by our ancestors to the commonalty, has entirely disappeared. No exclusive title can endure long in a democratic community; it is easy enough for any ambitious man to be honorable, if he will but spell the word with a capital H.

Down to the time of the Revolution, social distinctions were so marked in America that college-boys were arranged in their classes in the order of rank of their parents. This singular arrangement may still be seen in the triennial catalogues of Harvard's graduates down to the year 1773. That period is past, never to return. The representatives of the colonial aristocracy generally took the Tory side, and went finally to England or to the British Provinces. John Adams, "that cobbler's son," and his compeers, took their places; and the scions of more distinguished houses became shop-boys and "saleslades."

What war then did the accession of new wealth is doing now. Astor, the butcher's boy, Vanderbilt, the ferryman, Drew, the cattle-drover, are the founders of a new aristocracy. Whether it does good or not will depend mainly on whether it proves able to keep its common-sense, and its money also. If it fails, it must make room for some other. If it only makes itself ridiculous, it will go under; for the future American society will not be ridiculous.

We heard the other day of a youth in a New England manufacturing town, who became unluckily the heir of several millions. He went to England for the improvement of his mind, and came back with this one discovery—that American society was still very crude and imperfect, because gentlemen allowed their footmen to wear moustaches. In England, as he justly pointed out, such an impropriety would not be tolerated. How, he asked, could there be a true social polish unless smooth upper lips prevailed among footmen?

Fortunately, it is the newest wealth which is guilty of the extremest follies. We recognize its possessors by their efforts to sink the shop. If we see a young gentleman averse to carrying an honest bundle through the streets, we are apt to infer that his father carried bundles for a living, and did not give very good satisfaction to his employers. But where people are really filled with the American idea, then the surer their own social position the more ready they will be to respect "saleslades."

In reply to our correspondent "E. B.," we may mention that a series of articles on Sunday-schools, written by Mr. Waldo Abbot, appeared in THE INDEPENDENT several years ago, and were published in a volume in 1863 by Henry Hoyt, of Boston.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Confession is good for the soul. So we hereby joyfully acknowledge that we are in the constant habit of seizing and appropriating to our own use all the letter-stamps with which people accompany their requests to us to return their rejected manuscripts. We advertise conspicuously in every number of THE INDEPENDENT that "we cannot undertake to return rejected communications." People who send us dull and prosy articles, which were not forcordained to see the light, and which come to swift destruction in the devouring maw of our ever-yawning waste-basket, cannot expect us to take pains to return their letter-stamps, since we decline to return their communications. Ever since we lately put forth a request for "religious articles" we have had such a revenue from these confiscated stamps that we have begun to realize what the apostle meant when he said that "godliness is profitable in this world." But we can assure the authors of these "rejected addresses" that, though we make an unsatisfactory use of their articles, we make a very satisfactory use of their stamps. They are divided equally between the editor and the publisher; and we are happy to say that by these means, together with other helps which a kind Providence supplies, we have thus far been enabled to keep both our interesting families in handkerchiefs and gloves. And we have thought the above acknowledgment due to the donors.

—The Rev. Geo. D. Stewart, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Burlington, Iowa, contributes to our second page an article which will doubtless excite some criticism among certain Old School Presbyterian professors. A son of Princeton Seminary, Mr. Stewart feels himself impelled, for the honor of his Alma Mater, to speak some very plain words about Princeton Theological Seminary. We have perused his communication with equal surprise and interest. He sent it to THE INDEPENDENT because, as he says, "It is probable that none of our own newspapers" [by which he means none of the Old School Presbyterian organs] "would feel it proper to admit any free criticism of the institution into their columns." We are happy thus to keep THE INDEPENDENT open as an asylum and sanctuary for oppressed Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and all other Christian denominations. We need hardly say that, in printing Mr. Stewart's communication, we neither agree nor disagree with his views. In the conduct of this journal, it is our practice to give a wide liberty of speech to good and honest men, leaving the writers to bear the just responsibility of their own words. Of course, we shall be happy to print any reply to Mr. Stewart which may come from a duly accredited quarter; but nothing from any anonymous pen, or from any unrecognized leader in the Old School Church.

—The annual report of the American Congregational Union furnishes abundant evidence that this association is accomplishing a great work for the advancement of common Christianity, by the wide diffusion of the Puritan faith and principles. It has, during the last year, done more than in any year preceding in assisting feeble churches to obtain places of worship. While the Home Missionary Society is giving to the new churches pastors the Congregational Union is vigorously supplying these new churches with houses of worship. If anything will save our country, and make us a free and virtuous people, it is the planting of Christian sanctuaries, with the colleges and schools that are sure to cluster around them, over all the vast regions that are opening. There is nothing that can civilize a heterogeneous and uncultured population, and give them unity and refinement, like the steady influence of an educated ministry and healthful religious institutions. Grants of money have been paid, the past year, to seventy churches, and pledged to thirty-eight more; while a long list of additional applicants was laid over to the beginning of the present year. Many interesting details are given in the report in respect to the field, the work, the economy, and the needs of the Union; and the value of the document is enhanced by the complete list which it contains of all the churches aided from the first. Another list of the life members is also added.

—In excavating for the foundation of a warehouse in Northampton, on ground long known as the homestead of Governor Caleb Strong, the workmen came upon the remains of old tan-vats, about four feet below the present surface. On inquiry, it came out that the property had been in the Strong family ever since the original settlement of the town, and that the Governor's ancestors for five generations were tanners. General Grant will not be the first of our great men who have had occasion to say, "There's nothing like leather."

—As an illustration of the progress we have made in traveling by the introduction of railroads, we copy the card of the "Erie Canal Packet Company," issued in 1822, the original of which is now in the possession of Mr. Sylvester H. Clarke, of Clyde, New York—viz.:

"Notice.—The packet-boats Montezuma and Oneida Chief will leave Utica alternately every morning (Sunday excepted) at 8 o'clock, and arrive at Weed's Basin the next morning at 7 o'clock. Returning, leave Weed's Basin at 8 A. M., and arrive at Utica the next day at 7 A. M. At Weed's Basin there will be coaches in waiting to convey passengers to Auburn, and from Auburn West. Those who wish to continue on the canal will find pleasant packet-boats to convey them to Montezuma, from whence coaches will be waiting to convey them to Canandaigua, where they will meet the regular line of coaches to Buffalo. There will also be a coach in waiting to take passengers to Cayuga Bridge, where they will meet the steamboat that runs to the head of Cayuga Lake. Passengers by this line will arrive at Canandaigua the second day from Utica. Those coming from the West will find the same conveyance from Auburn or Cayuga Bridge to the canal. The packet will leave Montezuma for Weed's Basin every morning at half-past four o'clock. This easy and expeditious traveling by canal-packets and post-coaches cannot fail of attracting the attention of travelers, and they may depend on the punctuality of the boats in starting and arriving as above. The tables will be furnished in excellent style, and lodging good and comfortable. All baggage at the risk of the owner. For passage apply at Amos Gay's, Utica, or to the captains on board. July 1st, 1822."

Forty-six years have made a great change in the time necessary for the completion of a journey. *Now* we can go from Utica to Weedsport in less than four hours; *then* it took from 8 A. M. to 7 the next morning. Passengers *then* arrived at Canandaigua on the second day after leaving Utica; *now* they can accomplish the journey in a *few* hours. The card we have given above speaks volumes, and this statement of facts will continue to increase in interest as we progress onward in our national career.

—One of the most remarkable achievements in American journalism is the success of the *La Crosse Democrat*. Its editor and proprietor earned a dreadful notoriety during the war by the violence and malignity of his unpatriotic denunciations and abuse of everybody who in any manner contributed to support the Union and suppress the rebels. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and Governor Seymour, of New York, were but mild types of envenomed Democrats, compared with the editor of the *La Crosse Democrat*. A journal like his, published in the Northwest, in the midst of a loyal people, ought to have soon come to grief; but it flourished like a green-bay tree, because it was bad enough to meet the longings of a large and vile part of the community, who could nowhere else find the same bold utterances of their own vile sympathies. It was tinctured with every vicious and abominable attribute that caused the rebellion, and consolidated into a compact party the Democratic sentiment of the North and the South. The success of the *La Crosse Democrat* has filled the Democratic journals of New York with a desire to profit by its example; and they have been trying to rival it, but without success. Imitators can never be equal to their original, for the reason that they are never sincere. The proprietor of the La Crosse paper came down to New York to print his journal here; and soon after his arrival in the city he called at one of the most extensive job printing offices, to see about making terms for the publication of the *Democrat*. Calling for the head of the concern, the manager came forward, when the following brief conversation ensued:

"Good morning, sir. I want to get some work done. My name is Pomeroy."

"Pomeroy! Ah! Are you the person they call Brick Pomeroy?"

"I am."

"Editor of the *La Crosse Democrat?*"

"The same."

"Then, sir, you can have no work done in this establishment."

"How is that?"

"Because we do not care to have any dealings with you."

"Oh! ah!"

And so the astonished champion of the Democracy quickly disappeared.

There are, no doubt, a good many people in New York who would set in a similar manner toward Brick Pomeroy, if they were applied to to assist him in his bad work; but, unhappily, there are also multitudes who are very willing to aid him in carrying out his projects. It is, however, some consolation to reflect that the reason of the great success of the *La Crosse Democrat* is that there is but one of the kind in the whole country. It has its own field all to itself.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Daniel Watkins, of Nashville, Tenn., is now in this city endeavoring to raise funds for the Tennessee Manual Labor University. This institution was chartered by the legislature in December, 1866. It is located about three miles from Murfreesboro. During the present year the students have put under cultivation 135 acres of land—100 in corn, 25 in cotton, 5 in sorghum, and the rest in garden vegetables. The home friends of the institution have already contributed to it $15,000, and the managers are therefore justly entitled to appeal to the general public for further aid. The Rev. Mr. Watkins, the agent, has been for more than thirty years a resident of Nashville, and has latterly, by the gracious favor of the Civil Rights bill, become an actual citizen of his native state. He is a fine specimen of a man, and we hope he will be generously received by our citizens.

—The many friends of Mrs. Senator Trumbull—a true and noble character—will be filled with sorrow to learn of her death. It has been known to the public for some time past that she was seriously ill, but we had seen no statement which led us to expect a fatal result. Fine in her appearance, pleasing in her demeanor, kind in her disposition she was a beautiful specimen of a wife and mother—of a lady and woman. All good hearts will sympathize with her husband in his bereavement.

Religious Intelligence.

Room for Work in Hungary.—A letter in the *Evangelist* from Rev. Dr. Henry Kendall gives many interesting incidents connected with his recent visit of a few days in Hungary. "No other country that we have seen on the Continent so forcibly reminded us of *home*. In its vast fields of wheat, oats, and Indian-corn, its great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, it resembles one of our Western States. The harvests are abundant, and laborers are so scarce that 36,000 soldiers have just been furloughed to meet the demand." He found a good degree of religious toleration; but the Protestant churches appear to be nearly dead, through the pernicious effects of ritualism and rationalism. But the Bible circulates without difficulty, and "the people are eager to read." The religious enterprises originating in Great Britain are limited in their plans. Dr. K. says:

"If the 'American and Foreign Christian Union,' and the American Tract Society, would respectfully employ evangelists and colporteurs, and jointly sustain an agent to supervise the labors of both for a season, they would find ready access to millions of people in these broad countries, embracing Hungary proper, Sclavonia, and Transylvania—reaching from Presburg on the west nearly to the Black Sea, and from the Adriatic on the south beyond the Carpathian Mountains on the north. And, if the British and Foreign Bible Society does not forthwith *quadruple* its corps of laborers here, the American Bible Society ought to enter Hungary with an efficient system of Bible distribution; and there would be no collision with any other organization, for the field is wide, and the harvest is ripe, and the laborers are few. Indeed, if these three American societies would but seize the present auspicious period to make a deep impression on the Hungarian mind, I cannot but think they would speedily see precious results from their labors."

The United Brethren Church on Temperance.—At the Cleveland Convention there were about fifty delegates belonging to the religious organization in the West known as the United Brethren. There seemed to be a determination in some quarters that none of these should speak; but by the persistence of a Mr. Shuey a vote was passed allotting five minutes to Bishop Weaver to explain the position of his church. As the bishop came to the platform, and stood, six feet and five inches in hight, by the chair, a clamorous opposition arose against his being heard, which soon spent itself; and then he proceeded to quote from the Book of Discipline, showing that the church was organized fifty-two years ago on a pure temperance platform, and that the subject is officially called up at every annual conference. He said it had been charged that they were opposed to temperance movements; but it was not true. He said:

"We are a temperance people, and always have been, and hold ourselves ready at all times to co-operate with the friends of temperance in an upward movement. We are opposed to secret temperance societies, because we believe there is a better and more successful way of meeting and overcoming this giant monster. We believe in an *open, earnest, and persevering* effort against the sin of intemperance. And, Mr. President, the correctness of our position in this respect has been conceded more than twenty times during this convention. Let there be an open assault on the enemy's forces, let the pulpit speak in thunder tones, and let earnest prayer be offered to God for success, and the victory shall be ours."

The Shareholders of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, Eng., have voted, by a heavy majority, to close the place on Sundays for non-shareholders. There were 5,217 votes for free Sundays, and 28,306 against. For closing it altogether on Sundays there were 17,898, to 20,460 to allow the sharehol

Publisher's Notices.

STAR SPRING WATER.

This comparatively new spring, at Saratoga, is meeting with great favor, as crowds can testify who make it daily visits. From actual trial of the water, we believe it to be far superior to the celebrated Congress Spring. The taste is more agreeable, and its effect more perceptible and healthful. Persons of a bilious temperament will be surprised at the effect of these waters. A large corporation has been organized, with ample capital and other facilities, to supply the demands from thousands who are not able to visit Saratoga in person. We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the company in our columns, where they will obtain information in regard to local agents, etc. Orders will be executed promptly, and the water shipped to any part of the country.

The American Tract Society of Boston, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it*. Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing*.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

You are particularly requested to notice our "Terms" on first page; and *especially* the clause referring to remittances. It will be noticed that communications are hereafter to be addressed to our Box in the Post-office, as follows:

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1868.

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The Independent

during the present year. Any person who will send us the names of twenty-four new subscribers, at our regular subscription price (see terms on *first* page) will be presented with one of these celebrated machines, the lowest price of which is $60. It will be packed and shipped by express, or otherwise, as directed.

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-four persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers*.

We will also give the Sewing Machine as payment of one subscription 24 years in advance, or two subscriptions 12 years in advance, or three subscriptions 8 years in advance.

Old subscribers, not in arrears, can in this way secure a Sewing Machine simply for the *use* of the money during the time specified.

Persons intending to take advantage of *this* offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of our paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Reader, if your clergyman has no sewing machine, it is time for you to move. In one day's time, acting either alone or in concert with your neighbors, you cannot fail of success.

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(859 PAGES,)

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The invaluable book we now offer as a premium for new subscribers will give a better insight into the almost perfect character of President Lincoln than any other which ever has been or ever will be published. While its author, Mr. Carpenter, was in Washington, painting that masterpiece of art, "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation"—a picture which will live in the history of this country as one of the most valuable ever put on canvas—he was in daily intercourse with the President, and took notes of everything which transpired. He was a great admirer of the man and of his rare, peculiar gifts. Possessing a remarkable tact for reproducing everything of interest which he saw and heard, Mr. Carpenter, at our solicitation, after the terrible murder of the great and good man, determined to present a portion of his rich treasures, thus most providentially obtained, to the public through the columns of THE INDEPENDENT. All those contributions are embraced, with much other new matter, in this volume. Tens of thousands of our readers can testify as to the great value of those remarkable contributions. They were read with the deepest interest by all, and are now a most important part of the history of the Great Rebellion. No person can properly appreciate Abraham Lincoln until he has carefully read every line of this intensely interesting volume. The book should be in every library and on every center-table in the nation.

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NOTICES.

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL LECTURE TERM will open on will be allotted on Thursday (10th), at 9 o'clock A. M. the second Wednesday (9th) of September next. Rooms Should Keyes's Hall be insufficient for the students, accommodations will be provided elsewhere till the new dormitory now building shall be completed. For catalogues or further information apply to Rev. H. L. HAMMOND, Treasurer, 94 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.
AUGUST 7th, 1868.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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No. 625 BROADWAY,
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U. S. Seven-thirty Treasury Notes.
U. S. One-year Certificates.
U. S. Compound Interest Notes.
And all classes of Government Issues.

ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS, AND OTHERS RECEIVED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.
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ORDERS IN
GOLD, RAILWAY STOCKS, AND BONDS
Promptly Executed at the Stock and Gold Exchange.

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BANKERS,
No. 59 Wall st., New York,
(Drown Brothers & Co.'s Building.)

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT, IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

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Execute promptly orders for the purchase and sale of Gold.

Buy and Sell Government and other Securities on commission.

Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

750 MILES
OF THE
Union Pacific
RAILROAD

are now finished and in active operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means: of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of the road; also United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security—and it is expected that not only the interest but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, etc.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

Four Million Dollars,

which, after paying all expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE ENTIRELY SECURE.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July, at the Company's office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principle is payable in gold at maturity. The price is 102, and at the present rate of gold they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is *the length of time they have to run.*

It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe; and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which in 1857 were bought in at from 20 to 23 per cent, above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the future of a private corporation they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in New York,

AT THE
COMPANY'S OFFICE, 20 Nassau street;
BY
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street;
by LUNT, PRESTON & KEAN, Chicago, Illinois;
and by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds pay in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's office, or to any of the advertised Agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, N. Y.
August 12th, 1868.

HATCH, FOOTE & CO.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,
No. 12 WALL ST., N. Y.,

BUY, SELL, or EXCHANGE, and keep constantly on hand for delivery, all issues of U. S. Bonds.

GOLD COIN and COUPONS Bought and Sold at market rates.

Orders in Miscellaneous Stocks executed on Commission.

REMOVAL.

U.S. Trust Company
REMOVED TO
49 WALL STREET,
FIRST FLOOR.

Capital and Surplus - - - $2,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS,

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.
WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
JOHN J. CISCO, }

TRUSTEES.

PETER COOPER,	EDWIN D. MORGAN,
D. H. ARNOLD,	CLINTON GILBERT,
ROYAL PHELPS,	JOHN JACOB ASTOR Jr.,
DANIEL S. MILLER,	DANIEL D. LORD,
JAMES SUYDAM,	EDWARD HOGAN,
THOMAS SLOCOMB,	GEORGE T. ADEE,
SHEPHERD KNAPP,	SAMUEL SLOAN,
JOHN J. CISCO,	JAMES BOYD,
B. F. WHEELWRIGHT,	CYRUS CURTISS,
CHARLES S. HILL,	SAMUEL NELSON,
WILLIAM T. COLER,	ERASTUS CORNING,
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WILLIAM DARROW, Secretary.

THE VERY HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE IMPERIAL CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

WAS CONFERRED ON THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE

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SEWING MACHINES,
AT THE
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PARIS, 1867.

Salesrooms at 495 Broadway, New York, and in all the principal cities of the world

FOR MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
GO TO
Traphagen, Hunter & Co.,
208, 400, AND 402 BOWERY, N. Y.
Prices 20 per cent. below Broadway rates.

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No. 16 WARREN ST.

Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. on all sums entitled thereto. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.
ALFRED E. CONKLIN, President.
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EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.
PARIS, 1867.

WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 BROADWAY, N. Y., Awarded, over Eighty-two Competitors,
THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,
A GOLD MEDAL,
for the perfection of Sewing Machines on 1 Button-hole Machines. The only Gold Medal for this branch of manufacture.

Kennedy's Salt Rheum Ointment.

The only ointment for the cure of all eruptions and cutaneous affections. It is wholly

A VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

It will cure Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Piles, Felons, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Chilblains, Shingles, Boils, Tetter, Wounds, Blisters, Ringworms, Pimples, Burns, Chapped Hands, Scalds.

Price 50 cts. per bottle.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. TOWNSLEY'S INDIAN

TOOTHACHE ANODYNE is the cheapest and best beautifier of the mouth of anything the ladies can use. It renders the gums healthy, the breath sweet, and the lips red and beautiful.

IT IS NO EXAGGERATION WHEN

we say that *Wells' Rye Compound* has benefited thousands, and is still being largely used for diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Kidneys. For sale every where.

TRY GARDNER'S RHEUMATIC

AND NEURALGIA COMPOUND. For sale by WELLS & CO., 192 Fulton street, and DEMAS BARNES & CO., 21 Park Row, New York.

NOTICE.

Office of the MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.
423 BROOME ST., NEW YORK CITY.

OBJECT.—The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to the heirs. ILLUSTRATION: Class "A" has 5,000 male members. A member dies. The Association pays over within forty days $5,000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward within 30 days one dollar and ten cents each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

Ten Classes for Men and Ten for Women.

CLASSES.—In class A all persons between the ages of 15 and 20 years. In class B all persons between the ages of 20 and 25 years. In class C all persons between the ages of 25 and 30 years. In class D all persons between the ages of 30 and 35 years. In class E all persons between the ages of 35 and 40 years. In class F all persons between the ages of 40 and 45 years. In class G all persons between the ages of 45 and 50 years. In class H all persons between the ages of 50 and 55 years. In class I all persons between the ages of 55 and 60 years. In class K all persons between the ages of 60 and 65 years. The classes for women are the same as above. Each class is limited to 5,000 members. Each person pays six dollars upon becoming a member, and one dollar and ten cents each time a member dies belonging to the same class he or she is a member of. One dollar goes direct to the heirs. Ten cents to pay for collecting. A member of one class cannot be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is independent, having no connection with any other. To become a member it is necessary to pay Six Dollars into the treasury at the time of making the application; to pay One Dollar and Ten Cents into the treasury upon the death of each and any member of the class to which he or she belongs, within thirty days after date of notice of such death; to give your Name, Town, County, State, occupation, etc., also a medical certificate. Every minister is asked to act as agent, and will be paid regular rates. JUNIOR.—Circulars will explain fully in regard to funds and investments. Circulars, giving full explanation and blank forms of application, will be sent on request or upon a personal application at the office of the Association.

TRUSTEES AND OFFICERS.

E. MCMURRY, President.
E. T. WRIGHT (Pres't Star Metal Co.), Vice-Pres't.
W. S. CARMAN (Pres't Stuyvesant Bank), Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
D. R. MARGAN (President National Trust Co.).
D. S. DUNCOMB, 8 Pine street.

The trust funds will be held in trust by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,
447 Broadway.

All checks made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Agents wanted in every town and county of the U. S. and Canadas. Address

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
423 BROOME STREET, New York.

A General Agent wanted for each state and territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references and $50,000 bonds.

HOW A DECLINE IS PRODUCED

Pure blood makes us well; bad blood makes us sick. Vapors from poorly-digested food in the blood are condensed upon the various organs, and serve to make them grow or repair their waste. Organs made with a greater or lesser proportion of such materials cannot be sound. If the bad condition of blood continues but for a few days or weeks, the body will be out of sorts; and, if it continues, the whole of the body will in time be renewed with imperfect blood, and the health bad. It is in a decline—popularly called a consumption.

Now Brandreth's Pills penetrate the whole mass of blood, causing the expulsion of impurities. The body feels relieved from a single dose; what then may be expected from twenty? By continuing their use the whole of the blood in time becomes purified, and the body reconstructed from good material, the decline stopped, and a new lease of life secured. Principal office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all druggists.

A LITTLE SCRATCH, OR A SLIGHT CUT, from inattention, often is productive of serious consequences. An effectual remedy is found in Radway's RUSSIA SALVE, known as the best application for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Boils, Old Sores, and all diseases of the skin. Sold everywhere. By mail 35 cents a box. REDDING & CO., Boston.

THOSE WHO SUFFER FROM

Dyspepsia or Indigestion can be relieved by using Dr. Moffat's Vegetable Liver Pills. A trial will convince the most skeptical sufferer of the great value these Pills possess. They have no equal. Many have been cured who have tried hundreds of remedies in vain.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents; by mail 60 cents. All druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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479 BROADWAY,
FOUR DOORS BELOW BROOME STREET,
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THE NEW TABLE-KNIFE,
MADE BY
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FOR SALE AT POPULAR PRICES.

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FOR SEPTEMBER,
NOW READY.

IT IS THE MOST
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED, BRILLIANT, ENTERTAINING, AND ATTRACTIVE MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

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CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER:

I. KIT GRALE. A Story of True Love. By James T. McKay. Part II. (With an illustration by Sol Eytinge.)
II. THE ANNALS OF ANGLING. By Chas. Lanman.
III. THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BROWN. By P. St. Arnaud.
IV. WHEN DREAMS ARE TRUEST. By T. W. Parsons.
V. FAGITLE OF THE WAR. By James Franklin Fitz.
VI. THE ANSWERING VOICE.
VII. FOR LIFE. By Maria Louise Pool.
VIII. BEECHDALE. By Marion Harland. Chapters XI., XII., XIII., and XIV. (With an illustration by Winslow Homer.)
IX. MIDSUMMER. By May Mather.
X. CHOLERA AND ITS ORIENTAL SOURCES. By John C. Peters, M.D.
XI. WOODS AND THEIR USES. By Richard Grant White.
XII. MISS FAITH. By H. R. Hudson.
XIII. GREAT AWAKENINGS. By †. †. †.
XIV. THE GALAXY MISCELLANY:
A Collision at Sea. By N. S. Dodge.
A Literal Turn of Mind. By George Wakeman.
The Mud Baths of Franzensbad. By W. C. C.
An Old Newspaper. By C. P. Cranch.
Slow and Secret Poisoning. By T. Edwards Clark, M.D.
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Price 35 cents, $4 per year.

Very liberal terms made with those who will get up clubs for THE GALAXY. Address

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Nos. 498 and 500 Broadway, New York.

FALL FASHIONS, 1868.
E. S. Mills & Co.

are now ready to exhibit their Fall and Winter styles of

LADIES' CLOAKS.

Also a large and fashionable stock of

LADIES' CLOAKINGS,

of new and fashionable styles and colors.

ASTRACANS, MOSCOWS, VELOURS, ETC.

We have just opened our importation of

FRINGES, GIMPS, SATINS, ETC.,

for Cloak Trimmings.

Our stock of Cloaks, Cloakings, and Trimmings is one of the largest in the city; and all will be offered at the lowest market prices for cash.

No. 51 and 53 White st., N. Y.

More Mystery.
PLANCHETTE OUTDONE.
THE PENDULUM ORACLE!
MOVES FOR EVERYBODY!

Answers any question AT ONCE. Will tell your inmost thoughts, and astonish as well as amuse all who consult it.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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Steel Composition
BELLS
For Churches, Schools, etc.
BLYMYER, NORTON & Co.
Manufrs. Cincinnati, O.
These celebrated Bells, (Cast Iron or American) rival in purity and volume of tone those of copper and tin, are more durable, and cost only *one-third* as much.
☞ Send for descriptive circular.

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EFFERVESCENT
SELTZER APERIENT

Food should produce Blood, not Gas. Flatulency is proof positive that the stomach lacks digestive power. TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT relieves the stomach and bowels from a plethora of wind and restores their natural energy, while it relieves them from all obstructions.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
Late Ferris Female Institute,
135 Madison Avenue, corner Thirty-second street, will reopen Sept. 24th. For circulars or information please call or address as above.

MISS RICHEYS'S BOARDING
and Day school for Young Ladies, Bay Ridge, L. I., will reopen on TUESDAY, Sept. 15th.

Novelties in Sterling Silver Ware.

DINNER AND TEA SERVICES,
FRUIT AND FLOWER STANDS, ICE CREAM AND BERRY BOWLS,
WINE COOLERS AND DESSERT SETS,
OF UNIQUE AND ELEGANT DESIGNS.

A most

Complete Stock of the Gorham Plate,

embracing all their choicest patterns, many of which have been specially made to meet the taste of our patrons.

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No. 22 John street, (Up-stairs).

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TIFFANY & CO.,
Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

through the facilities afforded by their House and resident partner in Paris, offer a stock of

DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, PEARLS, and other Precious Stones, unrivaled in this country.

TIFFANY & CO. also present a select assortment of Diamond and Gem Jewelry, of the newest London and Paris styles of setting, worthy of the special notice of purchasers, and of parties wishing to have gems reset.

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TIFFANY, REED & CO.

LICENSED BY THE
UNITED STATES
AUTHORITY.

B. C. THOMPSON & CO.'S
GREAT
ONE DOLLAR SALE OF

SILK, SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, LINEN GOODS, LINENS, DRY GOODS, COTTONS, FANCY GOODS, ALBUMS, BIJOUS SILVER-PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, WATCHES, SEWING-MACHINES, ETC.

These articles to be sold at the uniform price of
ONE DOLLAR EACH,
and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

The most popular and economical method of doing business in the country.

BY PATRONIZING THIS SALE you have a chance to exchange your goods.

THE SMALLEST ARTICLE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR CAN BE EXCHANGED FOR A SILVER-PLATED, FIVE-BOTTLED REVOLVING CASTOR, OR YOUR CHOICE OF A LARGER VARIETY OF OTHER ARTICLES UPON EXCHANGE LIST.

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Certificates, giving a complete description of articles to be sold for One Dollar, will be sold at the rate of TEN CENTS EACH.

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the person sending it can have their choice of the following articles as their commission: STARR & COMPANY Corron Cloth, Harris Cloth Pants Pattern, Splendid Pearl Handle Knife, Lancaster Quilt, Engraved Silver Spoon Holder, Pair Ladies' extra quality Cloth Boots, Print Dress Pattern, Worsted Breakfast Shawl, White Linen Table Cloth, set of steel-bladed Knives and Forks, set of Silver Plated Forks, Embossed Table Spread, Elegant Engraved Silver Plated Gold Lined Goblet, Violin and Bow, Fancy Dress Pattern, Elegant Gold Silk Parasol, 100-picture Morocco Photograph Album, Elegant Ivory Handled Spanish Silk Fan, one dozen large size Linen Towels, Fancy Balmoral Skirt, Ladies' Morocco Shopping Bag, Honeycomb Quilt, Alhambra Quilt, Ladies' Solid Gold California Diamond Ring, Gent's plain or engraved Gold Ring (16 carats fine), Ladies' Solid Black Walnut Writing Desk, Ladies' Fancy Black Walnut Work Box, Cottage Clock, One Dozen Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, extra quality, or One Doz. Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs.

For a Club of Sixty, and $6,

one of the following articles: 40 yards Sheeting, Harris Cloth Pants and Vest Pattern, Pair Honeycomb Quilts, Cylinder Watch, Double-Barrel Rifle Pistol, Fancy Cashmere Dress Pattern, Tidies Shawl, Silver Vase, Double-width Waterproof Cloaking, Four Yards Wool Stair Carpeting, Set of Lace Curtains, Ladies' Double Wool Shawl, Silver-plated Card Basket, Splendid Engraved Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, Engraved Silver-plated Teapot, 100-picture Turkey Morocco Photograph Album, Lancaster Quilt, Alnacca Dress Pattern, Engraved Silver-plated six-bottled Revolving Castor, Pair Gents' Calf Boots, Splendid Balmoral Skirt, Set of Ivory-Handled Knives, with Silver-plated Forks, Rosewood Frame Brass Alarm Clock, Pair of All-Wool Blankets, Splendid Beaded and Lined Silk Parasol, Ladies' Splendid Morocco Traveling Bag, Pair of Alhambra Quilts, Thirty Yards Print, or a Marseilles Quilt.

FOR A CLUB OF ONE HUNDRED, AND $10,

40 *Yards Sheeting*, Fancy Cashmere Coat, Pants, and Vest Pattern, extra quality, Engraved Silver-plated Six-bottled Revolving Castor, with Cut Glass Bottles, Pair Splendid Rose Blankets, Splendid Engraved Silver-plated Tea set, 12-tune Musical Box, Gent's Dog and Cradle-rug, Silver Plated Cake Basket, Fancy Plaid Wool Long Shawl, 30 yards Yoode Heavy Carpeting, Splendid Violin and Bow, English Barege Shawl, Splendid Alnacca Dress Pattern, Silver Hunting Cased Watch, Splendid Family Bible with 61 gilt Steel Engravings, Family Record and Photograph Page, Poplin Dress Pattern, Engraved Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, Splendid Beaver Cloak Pattern, Sharp's Revolver, Splendid Accordeon, Music Box, One Pair fine Damask Table Covers with One Dozen Dinner Napkins to match.

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Agents will please take notice of this. Do not send names, but number your clubs from one upward. Make your letters short and plain as possible.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE OF THIS!

Be SURE and send Money in ALL CASES by REGISTERED LETTER, which can be sent from any Post-office.

We cannot be responsible for money lost unless some precautions are taken to insure its safety.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

Send your address in full, Town, County, and State.

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THE GREAT PRIZE STOVE OF THE WORLD!
IT STANDS UNRIVALED FOR
ECONOMY, DURABILITY,
CLEANLINESS, CAPACITY,
SIMPLICITY, AND FINISH.
IT TOOK THE FIRST GRAND PRIZE
at the PARIS EXPOSITION, and has taken Fifteen other Premiums during the last year.
Send for Pamphlet and Circular.

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MANUFACTURERS,
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☞ For sale by our Agents throughout the country.

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FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS,
to those who subscribe for the
SCHOOLMATE, FOR 1869,

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Horatio Alger, Jr., author of "Ragged Dick," will give a connected story.

Other writers of ability unite in making this, with its Dialogues, Declamations, Music, Rebuses, etc., the *cheapest* work for the young published anywhere.

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LOTIO IS NEAT, CLEAN, PURE, UNIFORM, AND reliable, and richly perfumed for the toilet. It contains no Sugar of Lead or other poisonous minerals or oils. It makes the hair glossy and beautiful, removes dandruff, restores gray hair to its original color; will grow hair on bald heads, and can be used as a hair-dressing forever without the slightest injury to the skin or nerve. Do not take anything else, but get the pure article. If your druggist will not get it for you, send direct to the manufactory. Sold by druggists, $1 per bottle; half-dozen, $5; or sent to any address on receipt of the money. Liberal deduction to the trade. Send for testimonials, etc. Trade supplied by DEMAS BARNES & Co., Wholesale Agents, New York City. (Hand this advertisement to your Druggist.)

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WANTED IN every city and town in the United States to act as Agents for AUSTIN & CO.'S

GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE

of rich and valuable goods. Send for circulars at once and see the extra inducements offered.

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THE FINEST STRAWBERRY for

AMATEUR CULTURE: NAPOLEON III.—Large, handsome, productive, and high-flavored. Illustrated descriptive circular, with testimonials of Chas. Downing, Thos. Mehan, H. E. Hooker, and other leading horticulturists, mailed to applicants. Plants (by mail, postage paid) $2 per doz. Nurserymen, dealers, and clubs supplied at reduced rates. EDWD J. EVANS & CO., York, Penn.

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MONTH.—To sell the GENUINE ORIOIDE HUNTING CASED WATCHES, the best imitation gold watches in the market. Price $15. Great inducements to agents. Address ORIOIDE WATCH CO., Box 2055, Boston, Mass.

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GEO. E. L. HYATT,
273 CANAL, THROUGH TO 31 HOWARD STREET,
AGENTS FOR SELLING
Auburn Patent Loom Carpets,

has manufactured and on sale a great variety of Church Patterns, by the piece or in quantities to suit. Also, in the Retail Department, a large assortment of Velvets, Brussels, Tapestry, Brussels Three-ply, Ingrain, and Venetian Carpets. Oil Cloths, Mattings, Druggets, etc.

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102 Remsen street, Brooklyn. Fall term will commence Sept. 16th. Communications may be addressed to either of the principals—Miss CLARA C. HARRISON, or Miss MARY A. RANNEY.

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SUPERIOR IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES.
THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance. Keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases, made at our own factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jewelled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches cost

Publisher's Notices.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

You are particularly requested to notice our "Terms" on first page; and *especially* the clause referring to remittances. It will be noticed that communications are hereafter to be addressed to our Box in the Post-office, as follows:

HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher,
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1868.

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TO
The Independent

during the present year. Any person who will send us the names of twenty-four new subscribers, at our regular subscription price (see terms on *first* page) will be presented with one of these celebrated machines, the lowest price of which is $60. It will be packed and shipped by express, or otherwise, as directed.

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-four persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers*.

We will also give the Sewing Machine on payment of one subscription 24 years in advance, or two subscriptions 12 years in advance, or three subscriptions 8 years in advance.

Old subscribers, not in arrears, can in this way secure a Sewing Machine simply for the *use* of the money during the time specified.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of our paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Reader, if your clergyman has no sewing machine, it is time for you to move. In one day's time, acting either alone or in concert with your neighbors, you cannot fail of success.

We have already given away nearly two thousand sewing machines; and have never heard the first complaint from any quarter. We are now ready to give away ten thousand more upon the terms proposed. Act promptly.

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"The Independent."

We will cause a copy of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for twelve months to be sent to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to any person who shall send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash, either by money-order or bank-checks, according to *terms* on the first page, always to accompany the order.

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NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

100,000 PREMIUMS.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS.

We will send by mail (postage paid) a copy of Carpenter's new book, entitled

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE,
(859 PAGES,)

to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to ANY PERSON who will send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash, either by money-order or bank-checks, according to terms on the first page, always to accompany the order.

The invaluable book we now offer as a premium for new subscribers will give a better insight into the almost perfect character of President Lincoln than any other which ever has been or ever will be published. While its author, Mr. Carpenter, was in Washington, painting that masterpiece of art, "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation"—a picture which will live in the history of this country as one of the most valuable ever put on canvas—he was in daily intercourse with the President, and took notes of everything which transpired. He was a great admirer of the man and of his rare, peculiar gifts. Possessing a remarkable tact for reproducing everything of interest which he saw and heard, Mr. Carpenter, at our solicitation, after the terrible murder of the great and good man, determined to present a portion of his rich treasures, thus most providentially obtained, to the public through the columns of THE INDEPENDENT. All those contributions are embraced, with much other new matter, in this volume. Tens of thousands of our readers can testify as to the great value of those remarkable contributions. They were read with the deepest interest by all, and are now a most important part of the history of the Great Rebellion. No person can properly appreciate Abraham Lincoln until he has carefully read every line of this intensely interesting volume. The book should be in every library and on every center-table in the nation.

All remittances to be made to

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NOTICES.

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL LECTURE TERM will open on will be allotted on Thursday (10th), at 3 o'clock A. M. the second Wednesday (9th) of September next. Rooms Should Keyes's Hall be insufficient for the students, accommodations will be provided elsewhere till the new dormitory now building shall be completed. For catalogues or further information apply to Rev. H. L. HAMMOND, Treasurer, 84 Washington street, Chicago, Ill. AUGUST 7th, 1868.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC
LINEN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Three Cord Silk Finish
AND
Six Cord Soft Finish
Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended a MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
101 CHAMBERS ST.

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We call attention to the fact that IMITATION of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

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OF THE
Union Pacific
RAILROAD

are now finished and in active operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means: of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of the road; also United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security—and it is expected that not only the interest but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, etc.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

Four Million Dollars,

which, after paying all expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE ENTIRELY SECURE.

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It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe; and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which in 1857 were bought in at from 20 to 23 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in New York,

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JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street;
by LUNT, PRESTON & KEAN, Chicago, Illinois;
and by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's office, or to any of the advertised Agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, N. Y.
AUGUST 12th, 1868.

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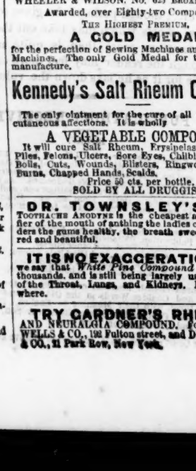

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A GOLD MEDAL,
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The only ointment for the cure of all eruptions and cutaneous affections. It is wholly

A VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

It will cure Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Piles, Felons, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Chilblains, Shingles, Boils, Cuts, Wounds, Blisters, Ringworms, Pimples, Burns, Chapped Hands, Scalds.

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CLASSES.—In class A all persons between the ages of 15 and 20 years. In class B all persons between the ages of 20 and 25 years. In class C all persons between the ages of 25 and 30 years. In class D all persons between the ages of 30 and 35 years. In class E all persons between the ages of 35 and 40 years. In class F all persons between the ages of 40 and 45 years. In class G all persons between the ages of 45 and 50 years. In class H all persons between the ages of 50 and 55 years. In class I all persons between the ages of 55 and 60 years. In class K all persons between the ages of 60 and 65 years. The classes for women are the same as above. Each class is limited to 5,000 members. Each person pays six dollars upon becoming a member, and one dollar and ten cents each time a member dies belonging to the same class he or she is a member of. One dollar goes direct to the heirs. Ten cents to pay for collecting. A member of one class cannot be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is independent, having no connection with any other. To become a member it is necessary to pay Six Dollars into the treasury at the time of making the application: to pay One Dollar and Ten Cents into the treasury upon the death of each and any member of the class to which he or she belongs, within thirty days after date of notice of such death; to give your Name, Town, County, State, occupation, etc., also a medical certificate. Every solicitor is asked to act as agent, and will be paid regular rates. FUNDS.—Circulars will explain fully in regard to funds and investments. Circulars, giving full explanation and blank forms of application, will be sent on request or upon a personal application at the office of the Association.

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E. T. WRIGHT (Pres't Star Metal Co.), Vice-Pres't.
W. S. CARMAN (Pres't Shutvesant Bank), Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
D. R. MARGAM (President National Trust Co.).
D. S. B. DUNCOMB, 5 Pine street.

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All checks made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

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Pure blood makes us well; bad blood makes us sick. Vapors from poorly-digested food in the blood are condensed upon the various organs, and serve to make them grow or repair their waste. Organs made with a greater or lesser proportion of such materials cannot be sound. If the bad condition of blood continues but for a few days or weeks, the body will be out of sorts; and, if it continues, the whole of the body will in time be renewed with imperfect blood, and the health bad. It is in a decline—popularly called a consumption.

Now Brandreth's Pills penetrate the whole mass of blood, causing the expulsion of impurities. The body feels relieved from a single dose; what then may be expected from twenty? By continuing their use the whole of the blood in time becomes purified, and the body reconstructed from good material, the decline stopped, and a new lease of life secured. Principal office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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Dyspepsia or Indigestion can be relieved by using Dr. MOTT'S Vegetable Liver Pills. A trial will convince the most skeptical sufferer of the great value these Pills possess. They have no equal. Many have been cured who have tried hundreds of remedies in vain.

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MADE BY
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FOR SALE AT POPULAR PRICES.

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FOR SEPTEMBER,
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CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER:

I. KIT GRALE, A STORY OF TRUE LOVE. By James T. McKay. Part II. (With an illustration by Sol Eytinge.)
II. THE ANNALS OF ANGLING. By Chas. Lanman.
III. THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BROWN. By P. St. Arnaud.
IV. WHEN DREAMS ARE TRUEST. By T. W. Parsons.
V. FACETIÆ OF THE WAR. By James Franklin Fitts.
VI. THE ANSWERING VOICE.
VII. FOR LIFE. By Maria Louise Pool.
VIII. BEECHDALE. By Marion Harland. Chapters XI., XII., XIII., and XIV. (With an illustration by Winslow Homer.)
IX. MIDSUMMER. By May Mather.
X. CHOLERA AND ITS ORIENTAL SOURCES. By John C. Peters, M.D.
XI. WORDS AND THEIR USES. By Richard Grant White.
XII. MISS FAITH. By H. R. Hudson.
XIII. GREAT AWAKENINGS. By † † †.
XIV. THE GALAXY MISCELLANY:
A COLLISION AT SEA. By N. S. Dodge.
A LITERAL TURN OF MIND. By George Wakeman.
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ASTRACANS, MOSCOWS, VELOURS, ETC.

We have just opened our importation of

FRINGES, GIMPS, SATINS, ETC.,

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PLANCHETTE OUTDONE.
THE PENDULUM ORACLE!
MOVES FOR EVERYBODY!

Answers any question AT ONCE. Will tell your inmost thoughts, and astonish as well as amuse all who consult it.

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These celebrated Bells (our Cast Iron or American) rival in purity and volume of tone those of copper and tin, are more durable, and cost only *one-third* as much.
☞ Send for descriptive circular.

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EFFERVESCENT
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Food should produce Blood, not Gas. Flatulency is proof positive that the stomach lacks digestive power. TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT relieves the stomach and bowels from a plethora of wind and restores their natural energy, while it relieves them from all obstructions.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
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135 Madison Avenue, corner Thirty-second street, will reopen Sept. 24th. For circulars or information please call or address as above.

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Complete Stock of the Gorham Plate,

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TIFFANY & CO.,
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through the facilities afforded by their House and resident partner in Paris, offer a stock of

DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, PEARLS, and other Precious Stones, unrivaled in this country.

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GREAT
ONE DOLLAR SALE OF

SILK, SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, LINEN GOODS, LINENS, DRY GOODS, COTTONS, FANCY GOODS, ALBUMS, BRITANNIA SILVER-PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, WATCHES, SEWING-MACHINES, ETC.

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THE TWO PROBLEMS.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

"CIVIL society, as an organism of earth, and for earth, has essentially two, and but two, problems to solve: the one that of personal *liberty*, giving adequate opportunity and scope to the powers of the individual man; the other that of legal *order*, founded on some system of public authority. These problems, of immediate and constant existent, sometimes appear as rival forces, making havoc with each other, and giving us heroes or martyrs, according as the one or the other prevails. Each has its liability to abuse; and each by abuse may degenerate into the other. Individual liberty, without restraint, is simply anarchy; and anarchy usually ends in despotism. Despotism, long continued, and claiming absolute sway, not infrequently brings on a violent reaction against itself. Thus liberty and order, each in its turn, have alternately lost and won the day in the complex progress of human affairs.

The great ethico-political question of all ages is so to reconcile these two forces as to destroy their rivalry, and secure the fullest benefits of each without any extreme action of either. Society must have liberty. The proper adjustment of each to the other is, hence, the perfection of good government. Neither principle then overrides the other; and neither exists at the expense of the other. Society becomes the guardian of the individual, affording him all the liberty and protection that he needs for the largest development of his powers; and the individual is equally the guardian of society—on the one hand obedient to its laws, and on the other contributing to their maintenance and support. Anarchy and civil oppression, violent revolutions against order, and personal martyrdom for the sake of order, are equally out of date. Man becomes the lover and the friend of man. Justice and benevolence inaugurate the millennium of universal and impartial good. Society, thus organized and thus working, is all that it can be made. It can do no more, and be no more. Whatever ills remain must be patiently borne as the necessary attendants of an earthly clime.

As a matter of fact, the world's history is one of convergence toward or divergence from this beautiful conception, according to the prevalence and control or absence of certain fundamental ideas existing in the popular mind and swaying the popular heart. These ideas govern the *physical* power of society, and determine the type of its institutions. What the government will be depends upon what the people *are* in their thoughts and feelings. Kings and popes are but the accidents of the question. The *real* power that makes or unmakes kings lies in the bone and muscle of the people; and this power works according to the behest of popular ideas. If these ideas be those of savages, we then have the government of savages. If they be those of monarchists, we then have the government of the few making laws for the many. If they be those of republicans, having sufficient intelligence and virtue to define, defend, and exercise the rights of men, and at the same time maintain public order, we then have democracy, with its full quantum of liberty, regulated by law. The vital point in the whole matter is the actual condition of the people. What do they know? What do they think? How do they feel? Answer these questions, and you have the key to their civil institutions. Whether the people will unite liberty with civil order, or bow to the principle of absolutism against liberty, or in a violent crusade against authority destroy the very foundations of society, depends upon what they *are* in their ideas and feelings. Always having the *physical* power, they will, of course, shape society according to their *brain*-power and *heart*-power.

It is, then, one of the glories of Christianity that, while it is not a state religion in its nature, and always best does its work when least allied with the state, it nevertheless supplies to the popular mind the brain-power and the heart-power, the ideas and the virtue, which are indispensable to the union of liberty and order, without conflict and without peril to either. Christianity accepts these two "rival forces," accounts each to be what it is, and proposes so to instruct, influence, and regulate each that the other shall receive no harm. It is both radical and conservative—thoroughly radical in its views of and its claims for the individual man, and just as thoroughly conservative in what it demands for civil society. Enlightening the judgment, tempering the passions, purifying the conscience, and regulating the conduct of the individual, it educates him for society. Honoring society and the individual in the presence of each other, it subjects both to the restraints of moral law, and teaches both to regard themselves as responsible to the God of both. Controlled by its principles, and inspired by its influence, the people are quite sure to adjust the doctrine of liberty to that of order, and the doctrine of order to that of liberty—maintaining each with equal certainty, facility, and sacredness. Good rulers and good citizens are the normal expressions of its moral power. The despotism of the king, the despotism of the priest, the despotism of the many against the few or the few against the many, are alike excluded by Christianity. Equal privileges, equal burdens, and equal restraints become the common heritage, duty, and blessing of all, when society is constructed on the basis of Christian ideas. Let God be thanked for such a benign agency of present good! Though slow in its action, and sometimes sadly perverted by the evil counsels and misdirections of men, it is nevertheless steadily moving humanity forward to the golden age of the most perfect liberty and the most perfect order. This humanity is not now what it was when Christianity first dawned upon the world; and it is not now what it will be when this same Christianity shall more completely fuse its own spirit into the life of the race.

We do not ask for Christianity the patronage of the state, since this is more likely to corrupt it than benefit it; but, if there be any truth in history, or any worth in sound principles, or any value in liberty defined by just and equal laws, or any importance in the principle of civil order, we insist that all men should give to the Christian religion a cordial welcome to the walks of earth. As Chalmers well remarks, it is "the best acquisition that Earth has ever received from Heaven." The experiment of revolutionary France in outlawing the religion of the Bible, and committing her fortunes to the lying oracle of political Atheism, surely needs no repetition. One such experiment is quite enough for one world. The greatest perversions of Christianity are far more tolerable than political Atheism at the bottom of human society. Such Atheism we regard as the enemy of all mankind, to be hunted as a foe and driven out of the world by the spiritual weapons of truth. Ideas—positive ideas, and not mere negations—*Christian* ideas—these are the things to feed and bless the world. They form the deep stream of life.

EVENING HYMN.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FARSI OF REV. CHIAS MALAN.]

HEAVENLY FATHER, hear our prayer,
Offered through Thy Holy Son.
Evening shadows fill the air;
Day, with all its cares, is done.
Soon shall sleep our eyelids close,
Let our souls on Thee repose.

Lord, Thou knowest all our ways—
All our life is in Thy hand;
Few and evil are our days,
Soon cut off at Thy command—
Like a flower, at morning bright,
Broken, withered, ere the night.

Safe beneath, while here we stay,
Let our nightly rest, we pray,
Strength for daily labor bring.
Ever guide us, till at last
Earthly nights and days are past.

H. N. E.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

I HEARD a sermon, not long ago, on this text, in which the preacher said that, if twenty Christians were asked this question, there would probably be as many different answers. This, of course, would only be if the heart could speak; for, in actual fact, so few can put their feelings into words of their own that almost all would fall back on the familiar words of Scripture, or some well-known hymn.

No created mind can ever know all that is in Christ, or find the limit of his love; for "in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead," and "his love passeth knowledge." Each heart finds in him just what it most needs; and so our loving, grateful answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" will vary according to our various characters and circumstances.

Quite as various, I think, would be the answers of the same heart at different times and under different experiences. It it pleasant to look back and see how through all the journey Christ has walked beside us, giving us just what was needed at every step, supplying every want, and each day filling our hearts with new gratitude and wonder at the fullness of his love.

We remember bright, sunny days, when we were well, and strong, and full of life, when the world was so beautiful in our eyes that it was a joy just to be living in it. Those who do not know Christ think that at such times we do not need him; but O how the brightness would fade out of everything, if he should hide his face! We are glad to think that we owe even this earthly happiness to him, and we enjoy it doubly as his gift. "All things were made by him." "The sea," with its ever-changing beauty and grandeur "is his; for he made it, and his hands formed the dry land," with all its loveliness of hill and valley, shady woods and sweet flowers.

The friends whose presence makes us glad are also his gift. There is no love so strong, so sweet, so satisfying as that which binds us together in him. We love each other more for loving the same Saviour; and this love has no fear of future separation to embitter it. There may be sad partings for a little while; but we know that we shall spend eternity together. It is Christ, our dearest friend, who transforms our brief, uncertain friendship into love that shall last forever.

It is sweet to owe everything to such a Friend. His love brightens every pleasure and every pleasure deepens our love to him; till for very love and gratitude we can find no words to say what we think of Christ.

But our days are not all sunshine. Clouds will gather; sickness, pain, and weariness come; and we are too tired with suffering to care to look out upon the fair earth, where the flowers are still blooming, the blue waves sparkling in the sunshine, and the hills standing beautiful in their quiet grandeur. Even the dearest friends fail to comfort us. They cannot give rest, nor relief from pain, and it wearies us the more to think of the weight of unavailing sympathy our suffering lays on them. We want them to go away, and leave us to bear it alone.

Thank God, such pain does not often come; generally loving faces and kind words can give some pleasure, if not relief. But it does come sometimes, and there seems nothing left to care for.

Then "what think we of Christ?" Oh! with the thought of that dear name, what rest and peace come into the heart! We cannot pray, perhaps, nor even think; but over and over our hearts repeat his words, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." And rest does come with the very thought of him, and pain is not so hard to bear with him to lean upon.

This is not fancy; not what we think ought to be, and so suppose that it is. But it is the experience of those who have suffered with Christ near them. He is the only Friend who can sympathize with every sorrow without being overburdened, and who can give comfort and rest.

Then, perhaps, death seems drawing near. We are not afraid to die. Heaven looks very bright and attractive; and we long to be beyond all pain, and sin, and sorrow forever. But still there is the dark river between us and home—the unknown Valley and Shadow of Death, where no friend can go with us. No one can even tell us what we shall meet there, what feeling and loneliness of terror there may be when the soul leaves its earthly habitation and goes forth alone into an unknown world. But Jesus has been there. He knows it well. And, having walked with us through all the journey, he will not leave us when we need him most. No, he will hold our hand the more closely, when every other friend has to let us go; and what more can we want of help or companionship than his presence whom our soul loveth! He has conquered Death; and he is Lord and King of the land to which we are going. What shall we think of Christ then?

But there is a sadder waiting for Death than this. He is coming nearer, nearer each day; but his message is not for us. He will pass us by, and lay his hand on one whose presence makes the gladness of our life; one on whom we have daily leaned for counsel, and love, and sympathy. It may have been long years since Death had come very near to us, and we had almost forgotten that he could enter our home-circle. But he is coming, and we cannot shut him out or delay his entrance. The very foundations of life seem giving way, and all sense of security is gone. If Death can enter so easily, and there is no power to resist him, how do we know that he will not come again and again, taking one and another, till we are left alone in the desolate earth? We cannot hold them back, and our hearts sink and tremble at the thought, till we hear Christ's voice: "*I* will never leave thee nor forsake thee"; "Lo! I am with you alway"; "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you."

We never know the full meaning of these words till they came to us beside the dying-bed of one we love, and whose death will change the world for us. They come like Christ's words of old on the stormy sea, "Peace, be still!" and the waves of fear, and doubt, and disquiet are laid to rest. Again Christ has conquered Death for us. It may take all we have on earth, but it can never touch this Friend; and so we shall never be left quite alone or desolate. "Neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"What think ye of Christ?" When we remember all he has been to us in times past, and think what he will be through life, in death, and in the eternity beyond, our hearts are too full to answer. We can only say:

"Thou, Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."

"When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,"

we perhaps, with fuller powers of language, and with [illegible] before us in which to speak his praise, we may begin to answer this question; though, even then, we shall have to say of the love of Christ that it "passeth knowledge."

H. P. A.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE hills of Southern Judea border the hot deserts of Arabia. In early Spring their rocky sides are covered with a gorgeous floral display. Flowers of every hue and of unimaginable brilliancy clothe these otherwise naked hills of rock. To the tourist it seems as though the rainbow had descended from the heavens to make its permanent abode upon the earth. The glory of these Judean hills in early Spring is as the glory of a New England sunset. And, as the traveler looks on these flowers of the field, he readily apprehends the declaration of Jesus that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

But like the glory of the rainbow is the glory of these flower-clad slopes of sunny Palestine. Even while they are robing themselves in scarlet and royal purple the hot desert-sands are breathing forth a deadly blast; the sirocco is preparing for its annual incursion. Some morning the air is close and sultry; the hot rays of an intolerable sun beat down upon the treeless roads and the unprotected traveler with more than furnace-heats; and when at last a breeze begins to fan his brow, it brings no refreshment with it. The wind is yet hotter than the sun. It is a blast from Nature's furnace. It kisses the gay flowers, that blush a deeper red at its approach. But there is death in its greeting. The flowers, poisoned by its pestilential breath, fold their withered leaves, hang their before proud heads, and lie down to die; and the hills, that yesterday were dressed in hues which our poor art endeavors in vain to copy, to-morrow lift up their uncovered heads in silent grief.

"As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

Is this, in truth, a type of human glory? Are all the encomiums on man's boasted civilization to end only in this? Consider the fertility of his resources, the ingenuity of his inventions, the power of his reason. Consider what he is and what he has done, who was made but a little lower than the angels; who is crowned with glory and strength; who extorts from the silent earth the record of its birth-travail; who compels the stars to point out to him their trackless path in the blue ocean above; who makes obedient to his will the very elements of Nature, so that wind and water, heat and gravitation, become the muscles and electricity the nerves of a now united humanity. Is all this glory as that of the flower of the field? Does it so speedily pass away? Are these eulogiums of humanity's genius but funeral orations, after all, pronounced over the green grave and the already decaying members of a perishable greatness?

Yes! The objects which men most pursue are as these Judean flowers. Their roots are in the rock. And, even while their glory dazzles the bewildered eye, furnace-heats are making ready from afar to wither, to blast, to destroy. Will New York ever know decay? Will the silence of night ever follow the bustle of her now unending day? Possibly. How transient may be the glory of a commercial civilization let the ruins of a single city answer.

Eighteen hundred years ago Tyre was to the Orient what to-day New York is to the Western Continent. Her position was unparalleled. Built upon an isolated rock in the midst of the sea, she was safe from the depredation of robbers, and seemed safe from the hazards of war. At the head of what was to the then civilized world the "Great Sea," she drew to herself its chiefest commerce. Standing herself between the waves of the Mediterranean and her own harbor, she gave perfect security to the largest vessels of which civilization had then conceived. Pointing back with pride to a history which connected her with the great grandson of Noah, this mistress of commerce was a very child of the Flood. The enterprise of her people rendered fully available her natural advantages. Their caravans reached the extremest east; their ships the extremest west. They brought precious metals from the coast of Spain, and finest fabrics from Persia and from India. Her manufactures equaled, if they did not surpass, her commerce. Her busy fingers gathered from every quarter and wrought in every kind of curious and valuable fabric, and made her markets the emporium of the world. Other cities arose, flourished a little while, decayed and perished; but Tyre lived on, the oldest as the busiest city of the Orient. And the Tyrian said: Whatever may befall other cities, our future is assured. Tyre is mistress, because she is the indispensable servant of humanity.

To-day one hundred and fifty fishermen's huts, hid among the wrecks of the past, are all that is left of her splendor. A solitary caravan, seeking here embarkation for Alexandria, is all that is left of her commerce. A harbor choked with her own ruins, and incapable of affording anchorage to the modern coasting vessel, is all that remains of her glory. The wind hath passed over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

What are in truth the lessons of these ruins of the past, this mutability of human greatness? Is there nothing worth living for? Are we all playing the part of Penelope, weaving in the day and ravveling out at night? Is all our writing done in the sand at low-water tide—writing which the next wave washes out? Is all the world a stage, and men and women only players? And when our brief part is played, and the curtain has fallen, is that all? No! There is a real life, an abiding harvest which our hands may gather. The flower fadeth, the grass withereth; but there are fruits which the blasts of time hurt not. Though the hot breath of the desert withers the flowery glory of the Judean hills, the golden grain still waves in the plains, the ripening grapes still hang in clusters in the vineyard, the olive drops not from its leafy hammock. These fruits abide. And there are fruits of life which time cannot waste, nor the sirocco of death destroy.

The empire of Alexander did not survive him. Its very boundaries are dim in the distance of time. But, long before he drew his sword to lay the foundations of his little greatness, a homeless bard went singing over the hills to gathered groups of villagers. And the kingdom of song which Homer established lives on; nor ever, while man loves the beautiful, will his songs cease to echo in the hearts of humanity. The glory of Corinth's commerce and of Athens' schools is long since departed. But, while men admired their marble columns and costly temples, a man whom God had endowed with rare genius gathered a few thoughtful scholars about him, and talked to them of life, of death, and of immortality. The thoughts of Plato, unsubstantial nothings, will live in the world's remembrance, and reproduce themselves in new forms, and provoke to new activities, so long as the mind of man shall be capable of dealing with unseen and imperishable realities. The harbor of Tyre is choked with the wreck of its own greatness. The magnificent Temple of Jerusalem has become the site of the mosque of the half-heathen Mussulman. The very sites of Chorazin, Capernaum, and Bethsaida are veiled in an almost impenetrable obscurity. But, while Judaism gloried in its holy city and its sacred Temple, a Galilean peasant, son of a carpenter, was talking in parables and aphorisms to a floating congregation of Galilean peasants concerning the truths of the soul, its nature, its origin, its true life, its eternal destiny, its Father—God. That son of the carpenter, recognized by our devout faith as the Son of God, lives forever. The words that he spoke go, as seeds borne by the breeze, into every country, to be repeated in every tongue. And his kingdom, because it is not of this world, is without end.

Yes! There is a glory that is perennial, a fruit that is everlasting. He that builds only in dress, or wealth, or fame, or secular knowledge builds only as children, a play-house in the sand. He that builds in moral elements, in unseen realities, in truth, justice, righteousness, temperance, and the Kingdom of God, builds with God what time cannot weaken or destroy, but only ripen and complete.

Book Table.

RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN'S "MODERN PAINTERS"—a new edition of a standard work—has just been issued by John Wiley & Sons, of this city. Ruskin's name is a household word among all cultivated readers of the English language. No man of the present generation has done more to awaken and foster a love for art among the two nations who constitute his wide public. Our enjoyment in reading the "Modern Painters," or any other books of this gifted author, is never conditioned on our acceptance in his views. In fact, Mr. Ruskin is often so capricious in his critical judgments that few of his readers—at least, few of those who think for themselves while they read—are willing to put their minds unhesitatingly under his control. For instance, when he undertakes to reverse a settled verdict of two centuries by arguing that Tintoretto is greater than Titian—which is the same as maintaining that Dryden is greater than Shakespeare—he cannot be read without a smile. But the great and precious value of John Ruskin's books is not in his judgments of individual artists; but in the pure, true, and lofty spirit with which he treats of art. Loving it passionately, he writes of it eloquently. He infects every page of his manuscript with a fine contagion from his heart. If one were to go hunting up and down the whole kingdom of English prose for some of its choicest specimens of eloquence, he would no sooner think of omitting Ruskin than of omitting Milton. In fact, although Ruskin has underrated and almost disparaged Milton, he does not know how strikingly, in some respects, he resembles Milton in style. Like all truly great men, he regards his own career as a failure—which is a proof of the beautiful humility in which he carries himself; but the author of "Modern Painters" has been a far more truly successful man than Lord Palmerston or Prince Albert.

PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.*

THE pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, many years ago, taking a hint from Archbishop Whately, "traced the errors of Romanism to their origin," *not* "in human nature," but in Old School theology. The ultra-Calvinist doctrine of original sin, he argued, necessitated the dogma of baptismal regeneration; and the doctrine of physical inability brought in the notion of sacramental grace. Mr. Hewit is a living example, and his book is documentary proof, of the justice of this theory. His early training was under the severest of schoolmasters, in the oldest of schools. The problems on which his mind has been exercised from his youth are such as this: How men can be "born depraved, with an irresistible propensity to sin, and under the doom of eternal misery." With admirable infelicity, a treatise on questions like this—the freshest of which are as old as Christian theology, and the others as old, if not older, than the fall of man—has been entitled "Problems of the Age," on the ground (as we are informed in the preface) that they are "subjects of much interest and inquiry in our own time." From his hereditary embarrassments on these subjects the writer makes his way out to a new theodicy, which on the subject of the existence of sin is Taylorism, word for word; on the subject of natural depravity is something like Pelagianism; and on the subject of original sin is a curious notion, which he strives mightily to represent as the sentiment of Augustine. The whole series of ideas is labeled "Catholic Theology," and represented as the antagonist of Protestant opinion.

The volume deserves no small praise as a specimen of lucid, consecutive argument on difficult questions, conducted in pure English. The only serious blemish upon the author's style is his habit, when he has said a thing once in good English, of saying it over again immediately in bad Latin. But this, we suppose, is less the fault of his taste than of his position. The logic of the book, also, has not more faults than are commonly incident to such discussions; it is strong for pulling down, feeble in building up. It reduces to absurdity the statements of some of his antagonists, with wonderfully complacent unconsciousness that a smart antagonist could get exactly the same hitch about the neck of *its* statement, and drag it to the same destruction.

The plan of the work is curious. It begins with the primary cognitions of the mind, and goes forward with an *à priori* argument for the existence of God: that, if God exists, he must necessarily exist in Trinity; must create just such a universe; must be incarnate in the Second Person; must redeem a fallen race; must institute the Roman Catholic Church, its sacraments and ritual. The second part is devoted to finding in Augustine the ideas of the former part—ideas some of which, unless that lucid author has been hitherto read with a veil upon the heart,

"Would make *Augustine* stare and gasp."

* PROBLEMS OF THE AGE. With Studies in St. Augustine on Kindred Topics. By the Rev. AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT, of the Congregation of St. Paul, New York: The Catholic Publication House.

Besides the limits of space, which are imperative, two reasons suffice to excuse us from examining in detail the course of this ingenious and protracted argument:

First. It is a matter of comparatively little interest to scrutinize severely the *processes* of a reasoner to whom one-half of his *conclusions* are prescribed beforehand, under peril of excommunication and eternal damnation, while he holds the other half under a vow to repudiate them at a moment's notice from the proper authority.

Second. It is profoundly unsatisfactory to argue against any such book, whatever its origin or pretensions, as representative of the Roman Catholic theology. From page to page the author challenges our respect and deference for his views as being the teachings of the Church. "This is Catholic truth; this is Catholic theology." But, once let us give chase to one of his propositions, and hunt it down into the corner of an absurdity, and we are sure to hear some of the author's confederates trying to call off the dogs with the assurance: "Oh! that is only a notion of Hewit's"; or, "only a private opinion of theologians"; or, "only the declaration of an individual pope"; or, "only a decree of council which never was generally received; the Church is not responsible for such things as these." So slippery a thing is "Catholic doctrine"! So unrestful is the "repose" offered to inquiring minds by that church, which divides all subjects of religious thought into two classes: one, on which it is forbidden to make impartial inquiry; the other, on which it is forbidden to come to settled conclusions.

SABBATH CHIMES.*

WHOEVER undertakes to give poetical expression to religious feeling undertakes a very serious task. He runs the risk of bringing disgrace upon poetry and contempt on religious emotion. There is so much vapid metrical composition under the name of religious poetry that persons of true poetical taste, but unacquainted with Christian experience, are repelled from all that is called Christian; and those who respond to the emotions expressed, finding the so-called poetry so tame, are not infrequently led to think that there are depths in poetry beyond Christian experience, that far greater and richer than any possessions which the heart owns are those of the imagination, for the full enjoyment and use of which it alone is abundantly competent, without aid or cooperation of the moral nature. Thus a schism is introduced in their life, which is more productive of discomfort, and even unhappiness, than many perhaps conceive. It is impossible that any earnest person should feel that there are legitimate wants of his nature that cannot be satisfied by that "life" which Christ communicates, and not be greatly troubled by that thought. It is a great glory of Christianity that it is adapted to the wants of daily life, that it supplies just the needed strength and comfort for the working world; but, if this is all, if it cannot accompany us in our seasons of high thought and exalted imagination, just so far as men grow into a comprehensive life, just so far will they grow away from Christianity. Christianity is being criticised now, not only from the standpoint of the intellect, but as well from that of the æsthetic nature. It is as energetically claimed, on the one hand, that it does not satisfy the imagination as it is contended, on the other hand, that it is insufficient for the intellect. The first charge is as serious as the second, and it as urgently demands attention. Although the numbers of those who would feel whatever want of adjustment there may be in this respect is far less than those who would be troubled by any apparent inconsistency of revelation with that inscrutable thing they are pleased to call reason, they are increasing. No small part of that dissatisfaction, claimed by the opponents of the church to be separating not only the mass of the people, but also the educated and refined from their former attachment to it, arises from the fact that the services of the church, as ordinarily conducted in most denominations, afford too little nutriment to the æsthetic nature. That part of the mind, having, through the general advancement of society, become more highly developed and more positive in its activity, is no longer satisfied with the forms and methods which may have been sufficient a century or two ago; and, one part of the mind being unfed, a general feeling of discomfort is spread through the system. Any volume, therefore, which attempts in any degree to meet this want must attract very close scrutiny. We desire to know not only how sincere and how spiritual is the experience which it attempts to utter, but how broad it is, and how much of the soul it has engaged; whether it has been confined to one part of the soul, or whether its various powers have been fused into united activity in the writer's usual life, by the warmth of Christ's love; and how many faculties have co-ordinated in the work of expression. These are important questions to every one who remembers with expectancy the distinctly declared purpose of God to bring us "unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

This volume of Mr. Punshon can hardly be regarded as a remarkably valuable contribution to religious literature. The experiences uttered are deep and tender; but the poetical merit is not high. Some of the poems, however, are measurably satisfactory, and are read with some of that restful feeling which we experience when the deep emotions of the heart find an adequate expression through the imagination. But these are a small proportion of the whole. The poetry for the most part is very much such as we should expect from a popular speaker, like Mr. Punshon. Simile is poetical; but the mind that finds a ready utterance in that kind of simile and metaphor which is usually required in public speaking will, we think, be found less happy in that intense, concentrated expression which is characteristic of the highest poetry. The book, moreover, does not reveal any particular breadth of culture or keenness of observation; any peculiar intimacy of acquaintance either with the world of Nature or of men. Neither is the religious experience, though true and earnest, of striking originality. The book does not impress one by its individuality. It is, for the most part, the easy metrical expression of religious thought and feeling; most of it usual, and some of it common-place. There are many, however, who do not seek in such a work high poetical power, but simply earnest feeling; and such, finding here a pleasant expression of emotions which they have at least partially felt, but could not utter, will derive both pleasure and strength from this volume. And so, although it is not all that we wish it were, coming from the source it does, it will, in perhaps no small measure, achieve at least two of the three successes the author desires for it; and, while we doubt its power over the wandering, will prove "a comforter to the troubled, and a pleasant memory of the writer to many friends."

* SABBATH CHIMES; or, Meditations in Verse for the Sundays of a Year. By W. MOLEBY PUNSHON, M.A. New York: Carlton & Porter.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL HAND-BOOK. A Companion for Pastors, Superintendents, Teachers, Senior Scholars, and Parents. By EDWIN HOUSE, A.M. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

This book is the gathered result of the observation and experience of many different persons, some of whom have won a wide fame in connection with the great Sabbath-school movements of the last few years. The author and editor is himself a teacher and superintendent of many years' standing. It is, as might be expected, a collection not of theories, but of facts; the results of repeated and patient experiments, of many failures and many successes. It draws from every source, American and foreign, which can supply anything to the author's purpose. Its list of topics is full, and, though not exhaustive, embraces those most likely to be of practical and immediate importance. It is, however, not a treatise, but a hand-book; and it is characterized throughout by good sense and genuine earnestness.

Insisting that the chief purpose of the Sabbath-school is the immediate conversion of the children to Christ, it recognizes also the work of instruction which is needful to complete the Christian character thus begun, and gives a view of the work to be done and the methods to be employed that is quite complete. Having defined the object of the school, it treats of Sabbath-school workers and their qualifications, the lesson, its preparation and methods of giving, classes, etc.; and then of various important subjects, as the art of questioning, securing attention, uniform lessons, leading your class to Christ, and children's prayer-meetings. Then follow several "specimen lessons" and "outline addresses," several pages of "words to workers," and miscellaneous observations and suggestions on matters connected with the work.

Perhaps this book views the Sabbath-school too nearly exclusively as an instructing agency, too little recognizing the necessity of training the children in work. Everybody understands the need of teaching children, but too few insist on the equally important need of developing their energy. Every one recognizes their need of help from their elders; but all do not recognize any particular help that the world may receive from them. They are, indeed, told that they can do good by speaking of Christ and bringing their little friends into the Sabbath-school; but comparatively little effort is made to *organize* their energy, to develop the full meaning of childhood and the message it has for the world. The Sabbath-school suffers, as do all our systems of education, from the idea that education consists only or chiefly in imparting information. It has this advantage, however—that, as its great purpose is to lead its members to love Christ, its work is just that development of energy which is the real object of education. And, although its instrumentalities and methods may not be all that can be desired; yet it is, perhaps, not too much to expect that from the Sabbath-school will come some of the most important suggestions in respect to the general question of education. The hints given in this volume as to the importance of retaining the older scholars, and the means to be used, are in the right direction; but they are too meager. They call attention, however, to one of the most pressing matters connected with Sabbath-school work. Taken altogether, we think the volume will be found a valuable aid both in stimulating zeal and guiding effort.

FROM THE OAK TO THE OLIVE. A Plain Record of a Pleasant Journey. By JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

GOING TO JERICHO; or, Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East. By JOHN FRANKLIN SWIFT. San Francisco and New York: A. Roman & Co.

WHATEVER American travels in Europe carries as a part of his indispensable luggage a journal and a pocket inkstand, and sends home to interested friends a description of his route. Whoever, returning from his voyage, can find a publisher adventurous enough to print his journal and his correspondence widens the circle of his acquaintance to include the entire public. Thus, in the matter of books of European travel, the supply is considerably greater than the demand. The author whose story attracts notice from others than his own immediate friends approves his peculiar aptness in the use of his pen. The very titles of these two volumes indicate the freshness which characterizes every page no less than their title-pages.

MRS. HOWE has written a remarkably readable book; but withal evidently for the public, and with a continual straining for effect. Her evident effort to be fresh renders her unnatural. She is striking, at the expense of simplicity. To one who is prepared to make due allowances, therefore, it is no ground of criticism that her religious creed—that of Rationalism—pervades her pages. Mr. Swift wields a facile pen. We need not to read in his preface that he has been for several years connected with the newspaper press. We read it in every page. His pen is the instrument of a ready conversationalist. His book is the off-hand product of a free and sometimes rollicking writer. He carries you along by the force of his overflowing life, without giving you time to criticize his style. He looks at all European celebrities, at all holy places in the Holy Land, with the common-sense skepticism of a newspaper reporter. And he writes a thoroughly fresh book, not by studying to portray old scenes in new colors, but by reason of the fact that he sees them all with new eyes. We have rarely read a more humorous bit of writing than his hit at the conventional descriptions of the travelers in the Holy Land, which he affords in his account of his visit to Jericho; nor have we obtained from the far more elaborate accounts of Ritter, Robinson Stanley, and Barclay a more graphic picture of Jerusalem itself.

DEAD-SEA FRUIT. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON. New York: Harper Bros.

This last production of Miss Braddon's prolific pen possesses, in perhaps an increased degree, the qualities for which she has as an author so many admirers. She gives so much classical learning to her characters, however, that, in order to appreciate the dialogue, one must be better versed in mythological and historical lore than we fancy most novel-readers are. She shows in this story how, in many ways, people search after and gather the "Dead-Sea Fruit"; though perhaps she gives to them final sweets which may take out the bitter taste rather more than is quite natural, though the reader may feel more comfortable for it as he lays down the volume.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

Our Standard-bearer: the Life of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant—his Youth, his Manhood, his Campaigns, and his Eminent Services in the Reconstruction of the Nation his Sword has Redeemed. As seen and related by Capt. Bernard Gallingarten, and written out by Oliver Optic. 12mo, pp. 344. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Four 18mo volumes from the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, viz.:
Effie's Trial, and other Stories.
Old Michaes, and the Little Friend.
Hetty's Tongue, and other Stories.
Willow Bend; or, School Influence.

Hebrew-English Lexicon, containing all the Hebrew and Chaldee Words in the Old Testament Scriptures, with their Meaning in English. 12mo, pp. 207. Published by Samuel Bagster & Son, London, and J. Wiley & Son, New York.

The Court Sermon; 1674. Supposed to have been written by Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. Large type, Quarto, pp. 24, with fac similes, 150 copies printed. Published by Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati.

Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical—on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes. In three volumes. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 374. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square.

The Moonstone, A Novel, by Wilkie Collins, author of "Armadale," etc. 8vo. pp. 226, double columns, with many illustrations. Harper & Brothers.

Andrew Douglas. By the author of "Harry and His Dog." 18mo. pp. 252. National Temperance Society and Publication House, 172 William st.

Little Dorrit, by Charles Dickens. 12mo. pp. 522, with eight illustrations. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

PAMPHLETS.

No Rentals on Innocent Persons. Speech of Hon. Charles Sumner on the Bill concerning the Rights of American Citizens. July 18th, 1868.

Lucy; or, Married from Pique. A Story from Real Life, from the German of E. Junker. By Jos. A. Sigmund, Loring, publisher, Boston.

Report to the Mayor of New Orleans on the Charitable Institutions in the Cities of New Orleans and Jefferson. By J. O. Harris. Pp. 44.

Second Annual Report of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. With Pictures. Office No. 676 Broadway.

Scriptural Claims of Total Abstinence. By Newman Hall, LL.B. National Temperance Society, New York.

Fifty-fourth Annual Report of the American Tract Society, Boston, for the year ending April 30th, 1868.

Catalogue of Officers and Pupil's of Troy Female Seminary. A. W. Scribner, Troy.

Annual Register of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, 1868.

Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for July, 1868.

PERIODICALS.

The Christian Treasury. A Family Miscellany. Rev. H. Bonen, D.D., editor. August 1st, 1868. Edinburgh and London: Johnstone & Hunter, publishers.

The Sunday Magazine, edited by Dr. Guthrie. August 1st. Published by Strahan & Co., London, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

The Westminster Review. No. CLXXVII. July, 1868. American Edition. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton street, N.Y.

Every Saturday. A Journal of Choice Reading, selected from Foreign Current Literature. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Edinburgh Review. No. CCLXI. July, 1868. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton street, N.Y.

Travelers' Official Railway Guide of the United States and Canada. August, 1868. 944 and 946 Broadway.

Christian Work; or, News of the Churches. August 1st. London, S. W. Partridge & Co., Publishers.

The Missionary Magazine. Published by the American Baptist Missionary Union, Boston. August, 1868.

The American Journal of Horticulture and Florists' Companion. August, 1868. Tilton & Co. Boston.

The Western Bookseller and Monthly Record of Current Literature, Chicago. August, 1868.

Official Circular of the National Department of Education. No. 50. Hon. Henry Barnard, Washington.

Ohio Educational Monthly. August, 1868. E. E. White, Columbus, editor and proprietor.

The Horticulturist and Journal of Rural Art and Taste. J. W. Woodward, 37 Park Row.

Coachmakers' International Journal. J. D. Ware, editor, Philadelphia.

The Friend. An Independent Monthly. August. 131 William street.

The American Friend. Richmond, Ind. 8th month, 1868.

The Presbyterian Monthly. Philadelphia and New York.

Littell's Living Age. August 15th, 1868.

MUSIC.

"We'll Move on the Enemy's Works Again." Words and Music by Charles St. Denis. Published by Barbam Brothers & Co., Indianapolis.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WEBSTER'S

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The Farmers' Column.

CULTURE OF BLACKBERRIES.

THE cultivation of this fruit for market was greatly stimulated by the introduction of the New Rochelle berry about a third of a century since, and perhaps no person has contributed more than William Lawton, whose name it mostly bears, toward calling public attention to the importance of the extensive culture of this fruit. Its large size, great productiveness, and other good qualities, surpassing any other variety then known, made it very popular among fruit-growers, and its culture extended widely, so that many farmers raised more bushels of blackberries than of corn and wheat. The blackberry occupies an important position in the list of small fruits, commencing to ripen close upon the season of the raspberry, and before peaches and grapes. Its easy culture, hardiness, and the high prices at which the fruit sells make it one of the most profitable crops to grow. It is not particular as to soil and location, but yields just as well where other crops will grow. There is no advantage in selecting the best land for a plantation, as the canes would there grow so large and tall as to require much time and expense to prune, trim, and keep them within bounds. They need but once planting, as the bushes renew themselves annually thereafter by sending up spontaneous growths of young suckers to bear fruit the following year; and, with an occasional dressing of manure, they will continue to give large returns for many years. I have ten acres of them, on thin sandy land, that have been planted about thirteen years, and still produce fine crops, yielding several times 650, 700, and once 800 bushels of fruit, while land adjoining, equally good, planted with corn, did not produce more than half the number of bushels per acre. When the corn was removed, all was gone. To get another crop, we had to manure and plant again. But not so with the blackberries; for we only pick the ripe fruit, and leave the foliage to fall on the ground and add to its fertility. The plants being permanently established, the annual crop of fruit taken off may be compared to the coupons taken from Government bonds, the principal remaining to produce more.

YIELD OF BERRIES PER ACRE.

At the average price at which blackberries have sold in market for ten years past, a field, with ordinary treatment, will yield from $200 to $400 per acre, and in some cases $600 per acre have been realized. And, as it is from the net annual dividend received that the real worth of any investment is to be ascertained, we can readily arrive at the true value of a plantation of the best selected blackberries. Having experimented on several kinds of land, from a firm clay to a light blowing sand, I prefer, as the most favorable location for blackberries, a light, moist, sandy loam, well under-drained, if water would otherwise stand near the surface. Formerly we thought that low, rich land would be best, judging from the large growth of briars along ditches and swampy places. Accordingly one of my neighbors planted ten acres of low, dark, rich land, that had produced heavy crops of corn and timothy, expecting to get a corresponding one of the blackberry; but in this he was disappointed, except in the growth of canes, which was very large and strong, but not well ripened before Winter set in, and consequently were greatly injured and sometimes entirely killed before Spring, yielding but little or no fruit; while blackberries planted on the higher land, not worth near so much for agricultural purposes producing small canes, with buds well developed and wood matured before the approach of Winter, would yield heavy crops of fine fruit. In walking through my patch when loaded with berries, he remarked that he could not understand why those small bushes had so much more fruit on them than his large ones. I attributed it to the fact that the canes and fruit-buds were better ripened the Fall previous, and had stood the cold of Winter with less injury.

MODEL BLACKBERRY BUSHES.

Another farmer near by, having about forty acres devoted to the culture of blackberries, purchased a tract of light, sandy land, at $12 per acre, and planted it with them. But, desiring to have a model patch, he purchased a few acres of the richest and best land for ordinary agricultural purposes in the vicinity, at $200 per acre, and planted it with the same kind of blackberries, giving the best treatment and special attention, which produced an enormous growth of canes; but which never yielded as much fruit per acre as the $12 land. He remarked to me, while looking at them, that: "We have learned something since commencing this business. To begin now, with the knowledge we have, the error of planting on rich land with blackberries might be avoided."

PREPARATION OF THE GROUND.

The land should be plowed and harrowed smooth, then open furrows in the Fall eight feet apart; and, if muck can be had conveniently, it is valuable to spread along them during the winter, leaving it exposed to the action of the frost. Early in Spring set the plants about four feet apart on the muck, which will require 1,360 plants to the acre. The intervening space, while the plants are small, need not be lost; but corn, potatoes, or other vegetables may be grown midway between the rows for the first year or two. The roots will mostly follow along the row to feed on the muck, and grow more vigorously than lateral or side-roots. Hence the stoutest and best plants will come up nearly where they are wanted to produce fruit the following year. But they should not be left to stand along the rows closer together than an average of one plant to a foot in length in the rows. The plantation should be gone over several times during the Summer, and the tops of the young canes, as they appear above the bearing bushes, should be shortened in, so as to keep them at a uniform hight of about three to five feet, according to the strength of the soil. This will induce the side-branches to grow vigorously, and develop fruit-buds near the ground; and, interlocking with each other, the bushes will support themselves, and thus avoid the necessity of stakes and wires to prevent high winds from injuring the tender canes. The side-branches should be shortened in the following Winter or Spring to a pyramidal form, somewhat resembling a dwarf pear-tree when properly trimmed. Plants thus properly treated will yield more fruit and of better quality than if left to grow tall and slender, as by nature they are inclined to do.

PRICE OF BERRIES.

Blackberries have sold readily for several years past at from three and a half to five dollars a bushel; and this year, owing to the scarcity of fruits, they bring double that price. They will be likely to sell well for many years to come, as they can be used in so many ways; the demand will be greater than the supply. Some patches will be planted on unsuitable soil, and will not pay cost; others, in the most favorable locations, will be suffered to grow at random, becoming large and rank, and producing but little fruit.

HOW TO RAISE BOUNTIFUL CROPS.

To insure good crops requires close attention. The canes should be kept thin and well headed back; and, on poor land, an occasional dressing of manure, muck, or fertilizers of some kind, adds to the quantity and quality of the fruit. There is no likelihood of the market being overstocked with the fruit, as it pays well to make it into wine. Three quarts of blackberries and three pounds of sugar, with the addition of a little water, will make a gallon of wine, highly recommended for its medicinal properties; worth $2 per gallon while new, and its value increases with age. All the poorer berries, those that are too ripe to ship to market, may be properly converted into wine at home; and only the finest and most perfect fruit sent to market, which will always command a fair price.

LIST OF VARIETIES.

Being extensively engaged in the cultivation of blackberries myself—having grown thousands of bushels of them within the last few years, and tested many varieties, such as the New Rochelle, Dorchester, Cutleaf, Newman's Thornless, Cape May, Cumberland, Sinclair Mason's Mountain, Missouri Mammoth, Idaho Climbing, Parker's Early, Felton Brandenburg, Holcomb, Needham's White, Col. Wilder, and Dr. Warder, also the Dewberries sent out by Dr. Miner of Honeyeo Falls, N. Y., and have growing now ten acres of the Kittatinny and thirty of the Wilson Early Blackberry—I consider the latter the most profitable for market, and therefore have planted more largely of it than of any other variety. The fruit is large, luscious, and sweet as soon as black, holds its bright color, and bears carriage well. The plants are hardy and productive. The Wilson will become a general favorite when its merits become more widely known. The berries sold readily in New York and Philadelphia markets last year; and this also at fifty cents a quart, wholesale, when no other variety, that I am aware of, brought as much.

ORIGIN OF THE MOST VALUABLE VARIETIES.

It is somewhat remarkable that all the valuable varieties in cultivation have been found growing wild, and were selected and saved on account of their supposed merit over others; and from the thousands of seedlings raised none have yet proved superior to their parents. May it not be attributed to the fact that sufficient care has not been taken to mix the pollen of different varieties? Having grown seedlings for many years without favorable results, I have now adopted the plan of planting some of the best varieties near each other, so as to insure the admixture of the pollen of many flowers, thereby combining qualities in their seedlings which could in no other way be found in the same fruit. If as much care and attention were bestowed in selecting and propagating new seedling blackberries as have been with the strawberry and grape, we might yet obtain varieties even superior to those that are now cultivated."

CULTIVATION OF THE WHORTLEBERRY.

WE have often thought that the Whortleberry and Blueberry might be greatly improved in size, flavor, and abundance by cultivation, or growth in good soil; but we had never heard of any instance of such a practice until we saw the following paragraph from the *Portland Transcript*:

"Talking with a farmer from a neighboring town, the other day, we were interested by his experiments in raising blueberries. He commenced by burning over an unproductive field, many years ago, and now annually sends to market from three to six thousand boxes. Large numbers go to Boston, and the two principal hotels in this city have taken each seventy-five boxes per day during the season. He burns over his field once in two or three years, and sows each Fall two or three bushels of the dried berries. He pays five cents a box to pickers, and some women earn from $1 to $1 25 per day; the berry season is a holiday time with the pickers, and gives the women, who spend the rest of the year in sewing for the ready-made clothing dealers, a healthful vacation. Our informant said he had paid $300 a year for the gathering of his blueberry crop; and he found it as profitable as any other crop raised on his large farm. In favorable years the blueberries had a long season; he had sent them to market as early as the 5th of July and continued up to the 15th of September."

While, of course, it will not pay as well as other berries, yet it is better than corn, or wheat, or grass.

It is a kind of fruit which is cheap, popular, will sell everywhere, at all times, and has a long season.

Some growers in South Jersey or Delaware might try a few inexpensive experiments. Undoubtedly one of the secrets of the success of the Portland cultivator is due to the fertilizing qualities of the ashes left after burning over the field.

This season prices are very high, ranging from 20 to 40 cents per quart—a pretty good price for fruit that grows broadcast, and never knows the sound of the hoe, cultivator, or plough, except for its destruction.

FRUIT-GROWERS' CLUB.—We are happy to say that the meetings of this club at Whitlock's rooms, 245 Broadway, every Thursday, are increasing in interest and influence. An essay on some practical subject is always read by some prominent horticulturist, and always received with good appreciation. We shall report these entire from time to time as we have space, and give this week one which was recently read there, by William Parry. They are sound and sensible.

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STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1868.
CASH CAPITAL..... $600,000 00
SURPLUS..... 1,519,622 59
CASH ASSETS..... $2,013,622 59
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DIVIDENDS AVAILABLE AT END OF SECOND YEAR AND ANNUALLY THEREAFTER.
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Assets, Jan. 1st, 1868, - - - $1,050,378.
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No Time Risks, or Risks upon Hulls of Vessels, are taken.
The Profits of the Company, ascertained, from January, 1858, to January, 1st, 1867, for which Certificates were issued, amounts to..... $1,022,910 00
Additional Profits to January 1st, 1868..... 149,332 66
Total Profits for Thirteen Years..... $2,072,292 66
The Certificates previous to 1864 have been Redeemed in Cash..... 1,556,910 00
NEW YORK, Feb. 12th, 1868.
JOHN K. MYERS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice-President.
THOMAS HALE, Secretary.

COLUMBIA
FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
NEW YORK.
Office No. 161 Broadway, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL..... $200,000 00
SURPLUS..... 55,472 80
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867..... $255,472 80
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JOHN B. ARTHUR, Secretary.
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IN CASH
as any in the country, at the same time giving them the privilege of availing themselves of the
LOAN,
should the necessity arise.
ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING AFTER THREE YEARLY CASH PAYMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.
The Progress of this Company is Shown by the Table Annexed:

Year.	New Policies.	No. of Policies issued each year.	Gross Receipts.	Amount Insured by New Policies.	Total Gross Assets.	Increase over previous year in Gross Assets.
1862..						
1863..						
1864..						
1865..	1,408	211	28,623	490,000	122,557	13,557
1866..	3,134	808	80,368	1,599,500	160,092	37,535
1867..	2,819,13	1,019	122,557	1,796,500	198,627	38,535

For General or District Agencies apply to the offices of the Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Pine street, N. Y.
☞ Liberal Commissions to experienced Agents.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
NEW YORK January 29th, 1868.
The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1867.
Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1867, to 31st Dec., 1867..... $7,329,015 75
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1867..... 2,838,109 71
Total amount of Marine Premiums..... $10,160,125 46
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867..... $7,597,123 16
Losses paid during the same period..... $4,224,564 61
Returns of Premiums and Expenses..... $1,303,865 16
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks..... $6,964,485 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise..... 2,175,650 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages..... 210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at..... 262,414 82
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable..... 3,252,453 27
Cash in Bank..... 374,374 02
Total Amount of Assets..... $13,108,177 11
Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next.
Fifty per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and canceled to the extent paid.
A dividend of Thirty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1867, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.
By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.
TRUSTEES.
JOHN D. JONES, CHARLES DENNIS, W. H. H. MOORE, HENRY COIT, WM. C. PICKERSGILL, LEWIS CURTIS, CHARLES H. RUSSELL, LOWELL HOLBROOK, R. WARREN WESTON, ROYAL PHELPS, CALEB BARSTOW, A. P. PILLOT, WILLIAM E. DODGE, ROYT. G. FERGUSSON, DAVID LANE, JAMES BRYCE, FRANCIS SKIDDY, DANIEL S. MILLER, WM. STURGIS, CHAS. P. BURDETT, HENRY K. BOGERT, JOSHUA J. HENRY, DENNIS PERKINS, JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr., J. HENRY BURGY, CORNELIUS GRINNELL, C. A. HAND, R. J. HOWLAND, BENJ. BABCOCK, FLETCHER WESTRAY, ROBT. B. MINTURN, Jr., GORDON W. BURNHAM, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY, JAMES LOW, GEORGE S. STEPHENSON, WILLIAM H. WEBB, PAUL SPOFFORD, SHEPPARD GANDY, ROBERT L. TAYLOR.
JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

HOME
Insurance Company
Offices No. 135 Broadway, New York, and 151 Montague St., Brooklyn.
Cash Capital - $2,000,000 00
Assets July 1, 1868 - - - 3,730,931 60
Liabilities - - - - - - 126,453 15
Desiring to deal directly with its Customers, this Company will hereafter make a rebate from the Premium on Risks in the City, equal to the Commission heretofore paid as Brokerage.
CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
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A TECHNICAL FRAUD.

THE Democratic party declares by its platform that, "Where the obligations of the Government do not *expressly* state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide, that they shall be paid in *coin*, they ought, in right and in justice, to be paid in the *lawful* money of the United States." This "lawful money"—as distinguishable from coin—is, of course, the greenback currency, issued in the exigences of war, and justified only by the necessity of the moment. The argument for paying the national debt in this currency is founded on the fact that it is "lawful" money and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, except duties on imports and interest" on the public debt. Such is the law, say these repudiators; and hence the Five-twenties, not containing any express stipulation for their payment in *coin*, "ought, in right and in justice, to be paid in" greenbacks. This we regard as a mere dodge, a technical fraud, disguising knavery under fair pretenses, and wholly unworthy of honest men.

These greenbacks, though made a "legal tender" in general terms, are not, and were not intended to be, "lawful money" for the purpose in question. They are, in fact, a part of the national debt. Read one of them: "The United States promise to pay to the bearer *five dollars*. Washington, March 10th, 1863. Payable at the Treasury of the United States. New York." This promise contracts a debt to the amount of five dollars, using the word "dollars" in the universally accepted sense. Neither upon its face, nor in the law creating this greenback debt, is there any *express* stipulation that it shall be paid in coin; and hence, according to the doctrine of the Democratic party, it ought to be paid in "the lawful money of the United States." That is to say, by issuing another greenback, and so on *ad infinitum*. Why not? If greenbacks, because of the general terms of the Legal Tender Act, be "lawful money" for the payment of *all* debts of the Government, except where the law expressly provides otherwise, then they are surely good for the payment of themselves. If not good for this purpose, then we should like to know by what rule they are any better for the payment of the bonded and interest-bearing debt of the United States. The argument of these repudiating gentlemen either proves too much, or it proves nothing. It interprets the language of the Legal Tender Act in a fraudulent way, giving to it a meaning that was not intended, and which it will not bear without absurdity and injustice. It is simply the after-thought of villainy.

The fact that the Five-twenties do not, in express words, stipulate for their payment in *coin* creates no presumption that they may be paid in greenbacks. The Government has uniformly paid its bonded debts in coin; and the presumption is that it will continue to do so, unless the creditor be differently notified at the time of contracting the debt. A dollar, in the practice of the Government, has hitherto meant a dollar, and not a *promise* to pay a dollar; and hence the use of the word is sufficient to indicate the meaning, and pledge the public faith. If a different meaning were intended, then it should have been made known at the time of issuing the bonds. The lender is entitled to this knowledge; and not seasonably to give it to him would be an act of fraud. Either the Government meant to pay in coin, or it did not. If it did not, then it should have said so beyond all possibility of mistake. If it did, then the bond reads just right for the expression of this purpose.

Moreover, these repudiators, in quoting the statute which, as they think, favors their theory, forget to quote the *whole* of it. They omit to tell us that this very statute also provides that the holder of these greenbacks may at any time present them to the Treasury of the United States, in sums "not less than fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars"; and that the treasurer "shall thereupon issue to the holders an equal amount of bonds of the United States, coupon or registered, as by said holders be desired, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, and redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after five years, and payable twenty years from the date thereof." Now, would any man, upon reading this part of the statute, dream that these bonds issued in exchange for greenbacks were to be paid by another issue of greenbacks? In what an attitude this would place the Government! First it makes a *forced* loan without interest in the shape of greenbacks; secondly, it pays this loan by issuing a bond bearing interest; and then, thirdly, it turns round and pays the bond by giving back the greenbacks. If there ever was a greater swindle on earth than this would be, we should like to know it. According to this theory, the debt, whether in greenbacks or bonds, is never paid. It is greenbacks first, and bonds afterward; and then greenbacks again; and so on in an interminable repudiation, till the Government, disgusted with its own infamy, and repenting of its crime, comes back to the honest meaning of a "*dollar*." Who supposes that any such thing was contemplated when the law was passed? Who said any such thing, or thought it?

It is a fixed rule of ethics, which no individual or nation can violate without disgrace, that a promise is always binding upon the *promiser* in the sense in which he had reason to suppose that it was received by the *promisee*. This is the sense in which he meant, and of course the one by which he is bound. What, then, did the lender understand the Government to promise, and that too with the positive knowledge of the Government? On this question there is no opportunity for doubt. The lender understood that a dollar meant a dollar in the well-known sense. So said Thaddeus Stevens in Congress, and so said others, when the law was under discussion; and not a man in either House of Congress said or implied anything else. So said three successive Secretaries of the Treasury, in answer to the question as to the payment of the national obligations. So said Mr. Jay Cooke, employed by the Government in negotiating the loan. There never was a clearer case, and there never can be, as to the sense in which the Government was to itself consciously understood to pledge its faith. It is too late to go back upon that sense. To make a false and dishonest appeal to the general terms of the Legal Tender Act against this sense may display the skill of a lawyer, but it will not do for a people who mean to do right. Knaves may consent to the technical fraud; but honest men will repudiate it.

The position of the Democratic party on this question, as contrasted with that of the Republican party, supplies a very good reason for voting against the former, and earnestly supporting the later.

Honesty is the best policy for nations as well as for individuals, and it is high time that politicians and platform builders understood this. The Democratic party, Andrew Johnson, Horatio Seymour, or the "Forty Thieves" may adopt a contrary "policy"; but its *planks* will crumble in rottenness under their feet.

MONEY MARKET.

VERY heavy remittances of currency have been sent South and West during the past week, in response to the call for crop-moving purposes, and to answer the call growing out of the Fall revival of trade. But this outgo has not yet been felt to the extent of increasing the rates for call loans, which still remain at 3 to 4 per cent., with an abundance of money offering on Government securities at the lowest rates. Discounts, however, have stiffened up a little; and, as the financial tide has now turned, it having reached its flood in the first week of this month, we may reasonably look for increasing activity in loans from this time until the first of October, and a rising rate of interest.

The bank statement for the week ending on Saturday shows pretty accurately the present tendency in money matters. The limited demand for currency is shown in the decrease of $1,047,166 in the loans. The specie has decreased $1,830,577. The circulation has increased $39,713. The totals of the present and last previous statements are as follows:

	August 8.	*August 15.*
Loans	$270,705,576	$277,898,259
Specie	24,784,477	22,953,900
Circulation	34,024,374	34,114,087
Deposits	221,716,695	223,501,097
Legal-tenders	74,051,548	72,955,681

Our banks are still strong in their resources and are likely to remain so.

The Treasury Department issued last week $117,380 in national bank and $540,806 in fractional currency. It redeemed and destroyed $472,800 of old and worn-out fractional currency. The grand total issue of national bank currency, thus far, has been $309,298,706. From this is to be deducted the currency returned, including worn-out notes, amounting to $9,389,836, leaving in actual circulation at this date $299,908,870.

Gold still fluctuates in the vicinage of 146¾; and, the shipments to Europe having largely fallen off, the bulls find it difficult to keep up the price.

Government bonds have been only moderately active, but there are no indications of a decline in prices.

In the stock market things have had a very blue look, the fall in Erie having unsettled confidence in all other stocks; but New York Central has shown the greatest sensitiveness to the bear movement. It has been supposed that Erie would fall so rapidly that it would soon drop out of sight, like Atlantic Mail, and leave the rest of the market to take care of itself; and a decline of twenty per cent. in the course of a fortnight looks very much like it. The present managers of Erie may keep the stock afloat on the street a while longer, as a speculative foot-ball; but there is no chance of averting its doom. The whole of the common stock has got to be sacrificed, and the road must fall into the hands of its bondholders, before its fortunes can be resuscitated and it can be placed in the list of dividend-paying stocks. The sooner this can be done the better will it be for all parties concerned—and most of all for the traveling and business public.

In answer to inquires from different parts of the country in relation to Rockford, Rock Island & St. Louis R. R. bonds, we will say that our views were plainly expressed in our last issue. We believe them to be a good investment. The agency here (H. H. Boody, Esq., 12 Wall street) will furnish, on application, full particulars in regard to their safety. the prospects of the road, etc. We learn that the price will be advanced at no distant day, if the present demand at 95 continues.

DRY GOODS.

THERE has been a moderate degree of activity among the dry-goods houses the past week; but nothing like the amount of business which had been expected. There is a hanging back among purchasers for which we must acknowledge there is no apparent good reason. The season is early, to be sure; but then trade was expected to revive early, and all preparations have been made to meet it. The weather has been propitious, and the crop prospects all and more than could have been anticipated. Politics may have something to do with the unsatisfactory state of things; for with the brightening chances of the success of the Republican candidates our trading classes feel renewed confidence in the future. Prices have been heavy, particularly of domestic cottons; but woolens have shown more firmness than has been the case in a long time.

In brown sheetings and shirtings prices remained steady, but the transactions have been confined to small sales; and, as the stock in first hands has not been diminished, purchasers might make favorable terms, if they showed a disposition to take hold freely.

In bleached goods there is less of accumulation in first hands than of unbleached, and prices are firmer. An active demand would doubtless cause an advance, particularly in the higher grades of shirtings.

Drills and corset jeans are moderately active, but without change of rates; and the same may be said in respect of denims and cottonades.

Prints, as usual at the opening of the season, are exceptionally active, for the new styles in particular—which, by the way, are not unusually attractive. There are no changes to note in relation to prices, except that Sprague's prints have been reduced about half a cent a yard.

In all descriptions of goods required by the clothing trade—such as silesias and Italian cloths—there is an improved demand, and prices are firmer, but without advance.

Woolen de laines are in increasing request, and prices are well maintained. In foreign goods there is not yet any marked indication of how trade will be affected; but the importations are very large, and there will be no lack of goods, when the demand comes, of any kind. Silks are not likely to be lower, for the supply of all descriptions of silken fabrics must continue to diminish in proportion to the constantly increasing demand for these luxuries of dress. Our foreign importers are very confident of a good Fall trade.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

BREADSTUFFS.—The past week our market for Western and State Flour has been somewhat irregular; the low grades have met with some variableness, while choice Family Extras have sold well at full and better prices. The business of the week has been largely confined to the domestic trade, provincial buyers operating with less freedom, owing to the current high figures and the material decline in Gold. Our stock is gradually diminishing, but is still ample for the season, and most dealers are disposed to meet the demand promptly. In the absence of any considerable European demand this market has very little "backbone"; and when our receipts are liberal receivers will, we think, speedily meet the views of shippers, when we are quite likely to have a healthy trade. The experience of the past ten years admonishes dealers and millers that the hoarding up of large stocks here during the Autumn has been of very little advantage to any one, and the prospect is now that there will be less accumulation this Fall than usual. Old Flour has been in fair demand, and there is little change to note in its value. New has been in more general demand, and prices of Family grades have been sustained.

The receipts of New Flour have been moderate; but we may look for more liberal supplies after the first proximo, though we do not anticipate anything like the stock at the close of the season we had last year. Farmers hold but one crop, and they are not likely to be in haste to part with it—the less so from the fact of their great disappointment on threshing out their crops. Superfine and No. 2 have sold well, but at variable prices, and close strong. In Sour a better business has been done at $7 25@$9 50 per bbl.; we find the supply is larger, though comparatively small. Fresh-ground Rye ($6 75@$7 12½) is in good supply, and have sold well on arrival; but nothing of moment has been taken for export to Europe. The exports of the week have been 19,071 bbls., including 1,240 to Europe, 11,576 bbls. to the British Provinces, and 6,196 bbls. to South America and the West Indies. At the close the market is dull and irregular. The low and medium grades are lower, while the better brands are firm and fairly active. Canadian Flour remains dull, and in the absence of sales prices are nominal. California Flour has been more active at full prices. Southern Flour has arrived more freely, closing irregular. The low grades are heavy while the medium and better brands are firm. Rye Flour has been fairly active, but prices have declined under more liberal arrivals. Corn Meal has been in good demand at full prices. In Wheat we have had a comparatively quiet and variable market since our last. The extreme prices ruled early in the week, coupled with a decided reaction in gold, induced millers to hold off. Some decline has been submitted to in Spring and Amber Winter; but White, under a very fair demand and limited arrivals, has improved, and is held with much confidence. The receipts of New have been light, and the quality of that from the West is not as good as last year's crop; and our letters to hand this week fully confirm our previous advices, and our opinion as hitherto expressed that the crop of Winter Wheat, as compared with that of 1867, is not above half of that average, taking the same acreage; and we very much doubt if the increased acreage in the Winter Wheat-growing states is in excess of the increase in population. From the Northwest we have very variable and somewhat conflicting reports of the yield of Spring Wheat; the yield in Wisconsin and Illinois is very light, and much disappointment is expressed at the result, as up to the last of July the prospects of a large crop were better. About half of the state of Iowa, the northern part, has a good yield, but nothing like what they expected a month since, in the southern half of the state the yield is very indifferent. Minnesota has a very good crop, though considerably less than has been reported by the state officials. The fine weather they have had will be of very great advantage to them. The Western Union Telegraph Company has furnished the press of this city with reports on the crops from the most reliable sources in the Union, which in many respects we know to be very incorrect. We shall undoubtedly have a considerable surplus of Spring Wheat for export, and California will be in receipt of a very liberal supply of White Wheat. The current high prices have prevented the filling of foreign orders, and we notice a further falling off in our exports. They are nothing this week, against 45,606 bushels the corresponding week last year. The receipts of new Corn attracts considerable attention at present, and rates are higher. The jobbing demand has been good, and the stock of Mess and of Refuse Pork is much reduced. We quote Old Mess at $25 62½@$26 75, New Mess $28 50@$29 50, Prime Mess $24 50@$24 75, Extra Prime $23 25@$23 62½, Rumps $20 50, Clear $31 50, and City Mess $31. A sale has been made, sellers' option all the year, at $22 75 for Mess. Beef continues very dull, the only sales being in job lots, and prices, except for strictly Prime stock, are weak and unsettled. We quote at about $13@$20 50 for Plain Mess, and $20@24 50 for Extra Mess. Pierce Beef still nominal. Beef Hams are still selling to a very fair extent in small lots, and prices remain steady at $22@$31. Cut Meats continued in good demand and very firm; all desirable lots finding a ready market at 18@15¾ cts. for Salted Shoulders, 16@17 cts. for do. Hams, 19@20 cts. for Pickled Hams, and 20@22 cts. for Bagged and Tight-tierced Hams. Bacon is wanted for both home use and export, but the supply is inadequate to the demand. We quote at 17¾@18 cts for Ice-cured Sides, 18@18¾ cts. for Long Cut Hams, and 17@18 cts. for Old Clear Sides. Lard is not very active, but has ruled firm, and closes at 18¾ cts for No 1, 18¾@18¾ cts. for City, 18¾@19 cts. for Steam, and 19@19¼ cts. for Kettle Rendered.

RICE.—The market has fallen off somewhat, but at the decline closes quite steady. Carolina 9¾@10¼ cts., and Rangoon 9¾@9¾. Rangoon in bond 3¾@3¾ cts. gold.

SUGARS.—Holders have offered sparingly of Raw Sugars, and endeavored to support the market by all means in their power; but buyers continue indifferent, and claim that, with the very heavy stock now here, they can afford to wait for lower figures. At the close prices are 3/8 cts. easier, and not very firm. We quote at 11@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refinery, 11⅝@12 cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 12 cts. for No. 12 Dark Dutch Standard. Refined fairly active at 16¾ for Powdered, Crushed, and Granulated, 14¾@15¾ for Soft White, and 13¾@14¾ for Yellow.

TALLOW.—This article has been more salable, and has advanced. Sales of 800,000 pounds, at 12¾@12¾ cts. for Country and 12¾@12¾ cts. for City.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, August 17, 1868.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	15½	Amoskeag	18
Merrimack, D	14¾	Lowell	11
Cocheco, L	[illegible]	Wamsutta	19½

Sprague	16	Tickery	11¼
Pacific	14	Waterman	13
American	14	Arnold	11¼
Dunnells	14	Hamilton	12½
Allens	14	Richmond	12½
Manchester	14	Gloucester	12½
Freemans	13	Mourning	12½
Briggs	11¾	Lancaster	13½
Nameag	13¾	Oriental	13½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	18	Hartford	14½
Berkshire	16	Roanoke	13
Caledonia	16	Glasgow	17

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	44	17¼	
Lawrence, C	44	14½	
" E	44	14½	
" F	44	13	
" H	44	12½	
Pacific, Extra	44	17¼	
" H	44	14	
Atlantic, A	44	17¼	
" H	44	14	
" V	44	13	
" Y	44	11½	
Superior, 1XL	44	13	
Shawmut, C	44	16½	
Agawam, F	44	11¾	
Stark, A	44	17	
Massachusetts	44	15½	
" BB	44	13	
" E	44	13¾	
Indian Head	44	15	
"	44	15	
Exeter, A	44	13¾	
"	44	12¾	
Medford	44	16	
Augusta	44	14	
"	44	13	
Gilmore	44	14	
Pittsfield, A	44	13¾	
Kennebec	44	10½	
Everett, AA	44	13	
Shawsheen	44	13¾	
Bedford, R	44	12	
Conesto Co, E	44	9½	

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	44	28	
Wamsutta	44	35	
"	36	30	
Tuscarora	44	22½	
Williamsville	44	22	
Bates	44	19	
White Rock	44	18	
Forestdale	44	18	
Indian River, XX	44	13½	
" X	44	12	
Attawaugan	44	15	
" XX	44	15	
Masonville	44	18½	
Blackstone	44	16½	
Hope	44	16½	
Langdon	44	16	
"	42-inch	19	
"	40-inch	31	
Wauregan	44	20	
Pepperell	44	30	
"	44	45	
"	44	62½	
"	10-4	87½	
Utica	7-8	23	
"	4-4	25	
"	4-4	62½	
"	10-4	87½	
Boot, R	4-4	11¾	
" W	4-4	15¾	
" W	5-4	19	
Androscoggin	4-4	18½	
Calico	4-4	9	

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	30	Otis Company, C	28
York	30	" F	28
Blue Hill	15	" AA	30
Northfield	15	Warren Brown	18
Oakland	20	Lewiston, Brown	26½
Working Man's	25	Columbian	30
Union	17		

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	24	Whittenton, A	20
York	23½	" B	18
Uncasville	15½	" C	14
American	14½	Eagle	13½
Hamilton	24	Thorndike	22½
Everett	15		

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	25	Thorndike	19
York, 32-inch	23½	Methuen, A	22
Amoskeag, A, C, A	35	Hamilton, Regular	30
" A	30	Willow Brook	31
" C	25	Eygrel	24
" D	22	" A, Extra	30
" E	20	Hampden, CC	30
Conestoco 4-4	28	Pearl River	31
" Extra	18	Pittsfield	9½
Swift River	18		

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	14	Pepperell	15½
Lacoila	14	Bates	17½
Naumkeag, Satteen	17½	Indian Orchard	15½
New Market	14	Everett	13½

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	18	Appleton	18
Pepperell	18	Tremont	18
Lacoila	18	Augusta	16
Stark, A	18	Wintrop	14½

DELAINES.

Pacific	20	Lowell	19
Hamilton	20	Spragues	19
Manchester	20	Armures	21

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	25	Ellerton T	17½
Lacoila	23½	" P	24
Pemberton, C	27½	Amoskeag	19
" A	27½	Nashua	19

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Malarious Fevers.

ADVICE TO THOSE EXPOSED TO THEM.

ALL periodical fevers are caused by the presence of *poison in the atmosphere*. This poison is either exhaled from the soil of the locality where the sickness prevails, or wafted thither from a distance by aerial currents. Fevers which are known to be produced by special local causes are called *endemics;* while those which cannot thus be accounted for, and the seeds of which are supposed to be conveyed from afar, are usually spoken of as *epidemics*. The periodical fevers are divided into two classes—Intermittent and Remittent—and the difference between them is this: Intermittent fevers are characterized by intervals in which there is an absolute cessation of the distressing symptoms of the complaint; while in Remittent fevers the violence of the disorder *abates* at intervals, but the painful symptoms do not entirely subside. As each of these two distinct species of malarious fever is sometimes mistaken for the other, it is as well that the distinction between them should be clearly understood.

Persons residing in districts where either of these scourges prevail can escape them by *precautionary medication*. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are procurable everywhere; and, fortified by the regular use of this agreeable vegetable antidote, the system is as impervious to the miasmatic virus which produces fever-and-ague and bilious remittent fever as asbestos or any other non-combustible to the assaults of fire. The importance of a preparatory course of the Bitters to individuals about to visit or travel in sections of country infested with febrile diseases cannot be overstated. Woe to him who encounters the malaria of a tropical seaboard, or the miasma of a Western swamp, with a stomach untoned and nerves unbraced! For some time before starting to an unhealthy region, on the journey or voyage thither, and while there, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS should be taken, in small doses, once or twice a day, as a *protective medicine*. This advice is founded on experience, is easily followed, and cannot be neglected, by those whom it concerns, without more or less danger.

The effect of the BITTERS in breaking up intermittents is really a phenomenon in medicine. A few doses given during the first cold fit, and subsequent sweating-stage, often prevent a second paroxysm. No tonic ever administered in chills and fever has performed such rapid cures or been so uniformly successful. It is regarded in the fever-and-ague districts of the West and Southwest as infallible, and with good reason.

In bilious remittent fevers, when the circulation is not too much excited, and especially during the convalescent stage, the Bitters are exceedingly useful. They act beneficially on the liver and bowels; for the preparation is not merely a tonic, but also in a high degree antibilious, and moderately aperient. Owing to its stimulating properties being thus qualified, it does not produce the same effect upon the pulse as the astringent combinations of bitter roots with adulterated alcohol called tinctures and extracts.

Are You Bilious?

Multitudes of both sexes will answer this question in the affirmative; for, next to disorders of the stomach, liver complaints are perhaps the most prevalent of all internal diseases. Unfortunately, the two classes of maladies are generally found in company; for the liver and the stomach sympathize with each other so strongly that when one is ailing the other is seldom or never in perfect order. Before replying to the query, "Are you bilious?" the reader may perhaps ask, What are the distinctive symptoms of the complaint? Of course, when the skin is almost as yellow as a buttercup, and there is acute and constant pain in the right side, it is plain enough that the sufferer is something more than merely bilious—that his liver is violently congested; in short, that he has the jaundice. What is usually termed biliousness is a milder visitation than this, yet sufficiently distressing. Its usual symptoms are a yellowish tinge in the whites of the eyes, especially near the inner corners, an uneasy or slightly painful sensation in the right side, pain between the shoulder-blades, sick-headache, lassitude, mental dullness, lack of appetite, and irregularity of the bowels. Whoever recognizes this diagnosis as applying to his own condition may be quite certain that more bile exists in his blood and less passes through his bowels than is expedient for his health, and that his liver requires toning and regulating. One of the special uses of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is to meet just such exigences as this. Its tonic principle rouses the liver from its torpor, and its aperient element gently relieves the intestinal canal of the accretions consequent upon an insufficient supply of Nature's cathartic, the bile.

From the time when the mineral system of Paracelsus superseded that of the "old herb-doctor," Galen, mercury has been the officinal medicine for liver disease. This terrible salivant has been at least as fatal as the sword to the human race; and, at last, after more than a thousand years of *mercurial massacre*, the faculty are beginning to give it the cold shoulder as an antibilious agent, and to adopt a root which was used by the Greeks before mercury was known, in its stead. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS contain the essential principles of the most potential antibilious agents that have yet been discovered in the botanic kingdom; and the successes with which it has been administered in hepatic disorders in this country, and in tropical America and the West Indies, is attested by a mass of testimonials of the most emphatic and conclusive character.

In all warm climates the liver is peculiarly sensitive. Millions of the people of this hemisphere are *constitutionally bilious*. There is nothing dangerous, however, in constitutional biliousness, if the tendency to hepatic disease be held in check by the use of a proper antidote. That antidote is provided in HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. As a preventive antibilious preparation it is but little to say that it has no equal. It is simple justice to aver that in this peculiar property no other medicament, mineral or vegetable, *even approaches it*. Persons of bilious habit will find it the best safeguard against the attacks to which they are constitutionally predisposed, and should *carefully avoid all the ordinary alcoholic stimulants*.

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